

Goblin



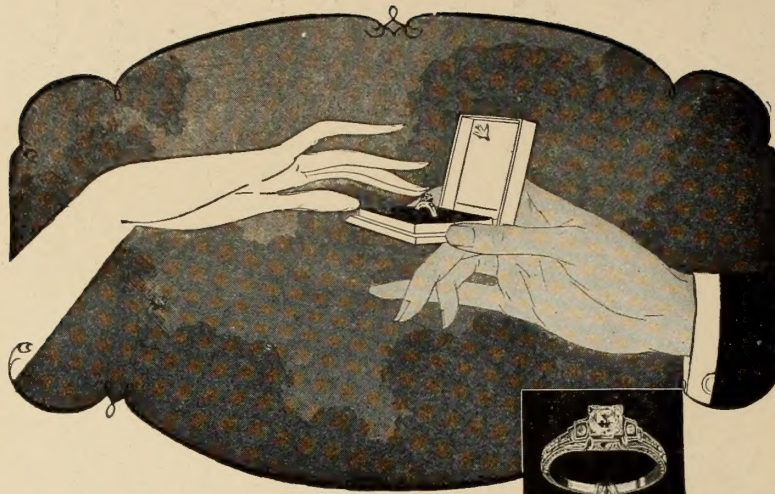
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"The Bishop Advances"

AWSON
WOOD '24

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Fine and Genuine as your own true love

It must be worthy of her . . . that ring of yours that she will wear. And it must be worthy of *you* and your devotion . . . so fine and genuine that she can be as proud of it as she is of you.

And so you will want the free new book of Bluebird Rings. Every Bluebird Ring is a proud possession admired by all because it is a *genuine* diamond in an exquisite setting. Every one is backed by a Warranty Certificate. Every one can be bought from established, well-known jewelers. Every one is tagged with a metal tag bearing the proper retail price as guaranteed by the Bluebird Diamond Syndicate. And these prices *are* proper. They range from \$50 to \$500.

There is a little booklet—the wonder book of engagement rings—“The Book That Lovers Love.” So send the coupon, get the book and plan with her to make your dreams come true

—MAURICE J. WALSH
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Gentlemen: Please send me “The Book That Lovers Love.” No obligation of course.

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GOLF IN BERMUDA

ENJOY winter golf on faultless greens amid scenic surroundings that will ever prove a pleasant memory. Bermuda boasts of some of the finest golf courses in the Western Hemisphere.

In December and January the temperature ranges from 60° to 70°, offering ideal climatic conditions for golf, bathing, tennis, cycling, riding or any out-door recreation.

Bermuda is only 48 hours by steamer from New York—a quick and pleasant trip. Ask your local steamship agent for Bermuda illustrated Tourist Guide and particulars re rates and sailings or write direct to

THE BERMUDA TRADE DEVELOPMENT BOARD
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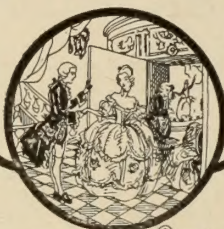
Between Acts *when* Critics are Alert

MIDDLE - GRADE
appearing shoes cannot be accepted in the best circles.

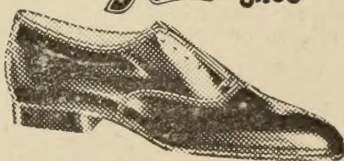
A gentleman otherwise irreproachably dressed does not neglect the shoe item—foundation of all tailoring.

Wearing Astorias enables you to look, feel and be shod for the most distinguished occasions.

All solid leather—so the wear matches the appearance.



The Astoria
Shoe



THE "COPLEY"

Adds the finishing touch to the perfect evening dress.

Goblin

Miracle! Miracle!

OF course the whole thing was hushed up immediately. It was felt—and rightly so—that if the amazing facts of the matter ever reached the public, the world, and particularly the American continent, might not be able to weather the shock. But an irresponsible press agent talked, it seems, while under the influence of bootleg Scotch, making further secrecy impossible.

The story he told was almost in-

credible, involving no less a personage than Miss Omemee, winner of a recent national beauty contest. Surrounded, the moment the crown was awarded, by a frantic crowd of advertising and publicity men, and petitioned to state to what she attributed her supreme loveliness, the successful competitor is said to have made the astounding declaration:

"I attribute it entirely to God."

—R. K. HALL

To a Witty Fraternity Brother

The clever things you used to say,

The sparkling quips you'd spring
Stayed in my mind, nor went away;

To memory they cling.

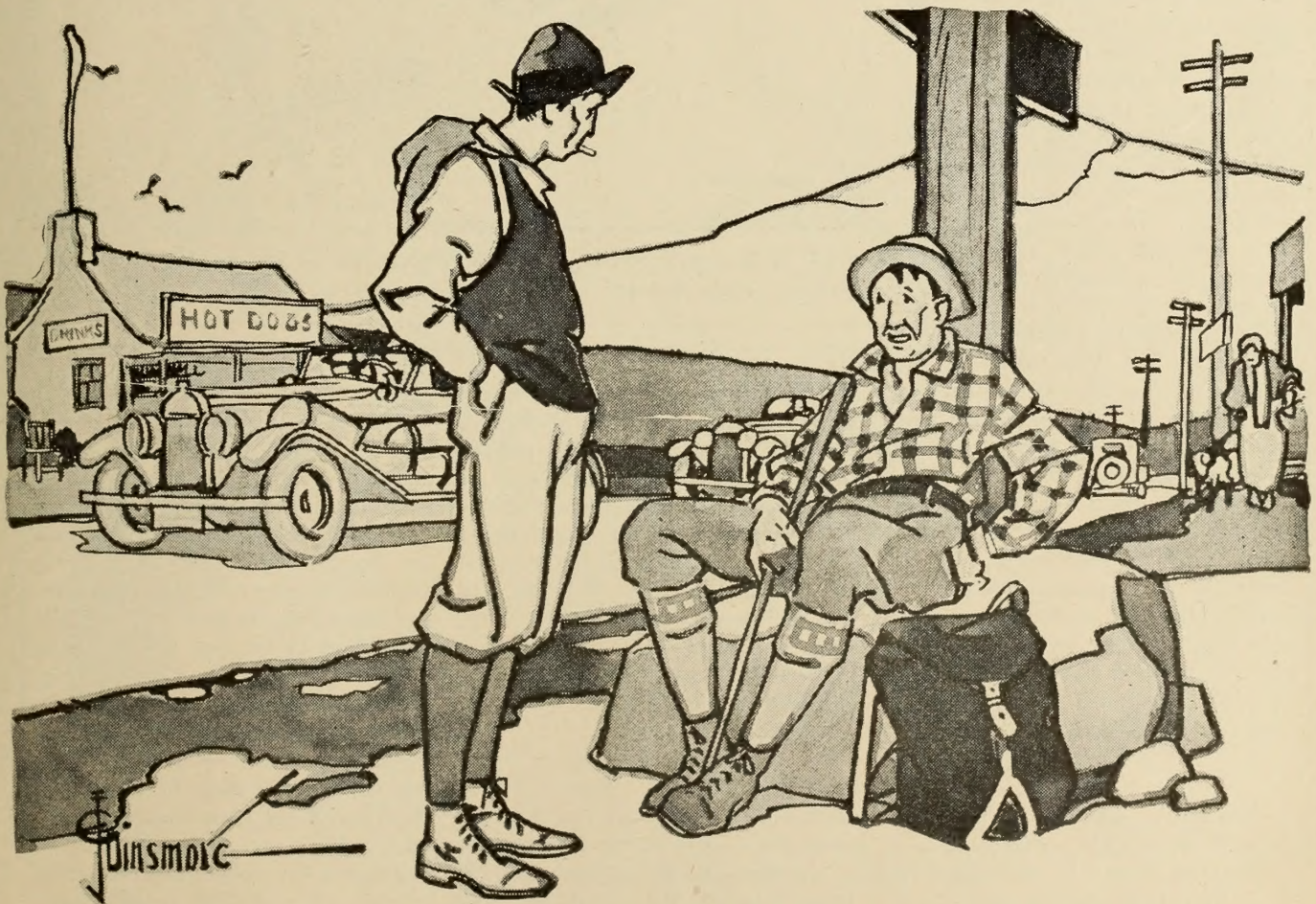
I still remember how each maid

Would fall for your hot line;

I thank you, brother, for your aid—

I use them now as mine!

—C. WARDEN LA ROE



"WHAT KIND OF A TRIP DID YOU HAVE FROM COBALT?"
"ROTTEN! I HAD TO WALK THREE MILES!"

If Suburban Householders Imitated Non-Stop Aviators

FRIDAY, August 26: Mr. Elmer Goforth announces to his wife that, weather conditions being favourable, he will mow the lawn on Saturday.

Saturday, August 27: Upon taking the lawn-mower for a test run, Mr. Goforth discovers a cog in the left wheel that misses occasionally, and postpones his start for a few days until the necessary adjustments can be made.

Tuesday, Aug. 30: With repairs made and the machine functioning perfectly, Mr. Goforth is regretfully compelled to make another postponement when he reads in the morning paper that unsettled weather with scattered thunderstorms is forecast by the weather bureau.

Wednesday, August 31: Mr. Goforth decides, after an inspection of the lawn, that in its soggy condition it would be inadvisable for him to take off with a heavy machine of his type.

Saturday, September 3: With ideal weather conditions and a host of interested spectators, consisting of his wife, the dog and the boy next door, Mr. Goforth finds at the last moment that, owing to a regrettable oversight, he has neglected to replenish his oil supply, thus necessitating a further delay.

Wednesday, September 7: His oil can refilled, Mr. Goforth is once more deterred from making a start by a violent windstorm accompanied by a heavy rainfall.

Friday, September 16: Mr. Goforth issues a brief statement pointing out that owing to the lateness of the season, the growing uncertainty of the weather, and the fact that the finish would have to take place in the dark, the entire project would be postponed till next spring.

—R. K. HALL.

* * *

Woman's hair is beautiful,
Be it straight or wavy,
But its charm is lost when you
Find it in the gravity.



"O Miocene, I think Tootsy remembers you." (Miocene remembers kicking Tootsy violently when Tootsy was a pup.)

The Millennium

THE millennium had come. Lions went to sleep with lambs. Nations scrapped their battle-ships. Theatre curtains rose as advertised at eight-thirty sharp. "Ringside" seats for prize fights were no longer located six or seven miles from the ring. Waiters said "Thank you" when tipped. Permanent waves were actually permanent and restaurant menus were printed in plain, understandable English.

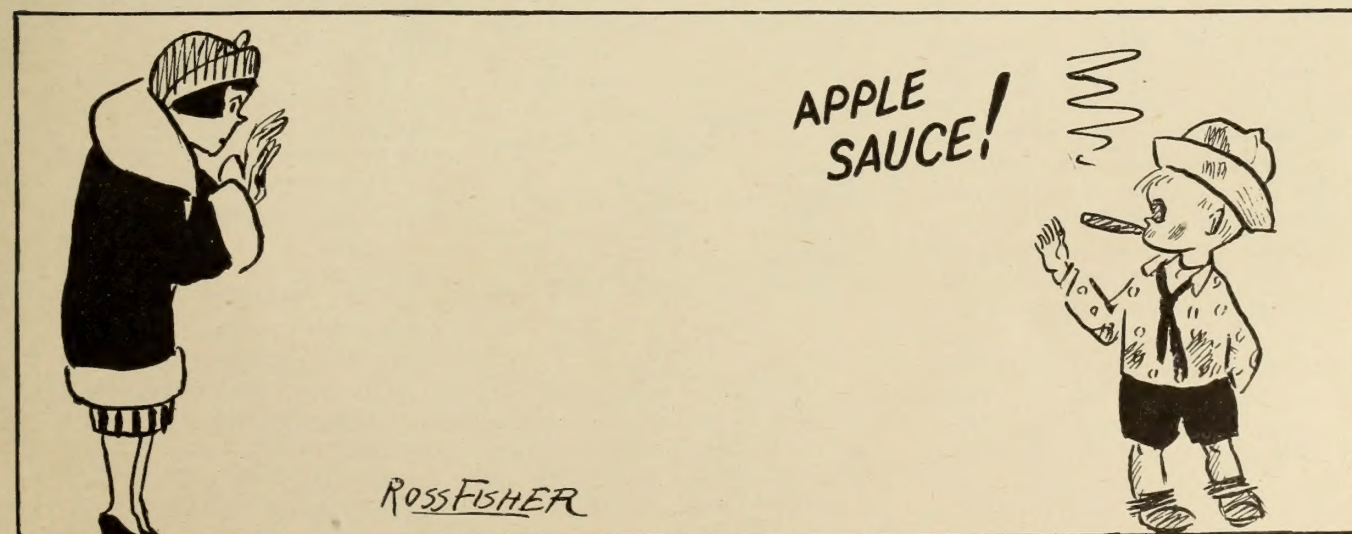
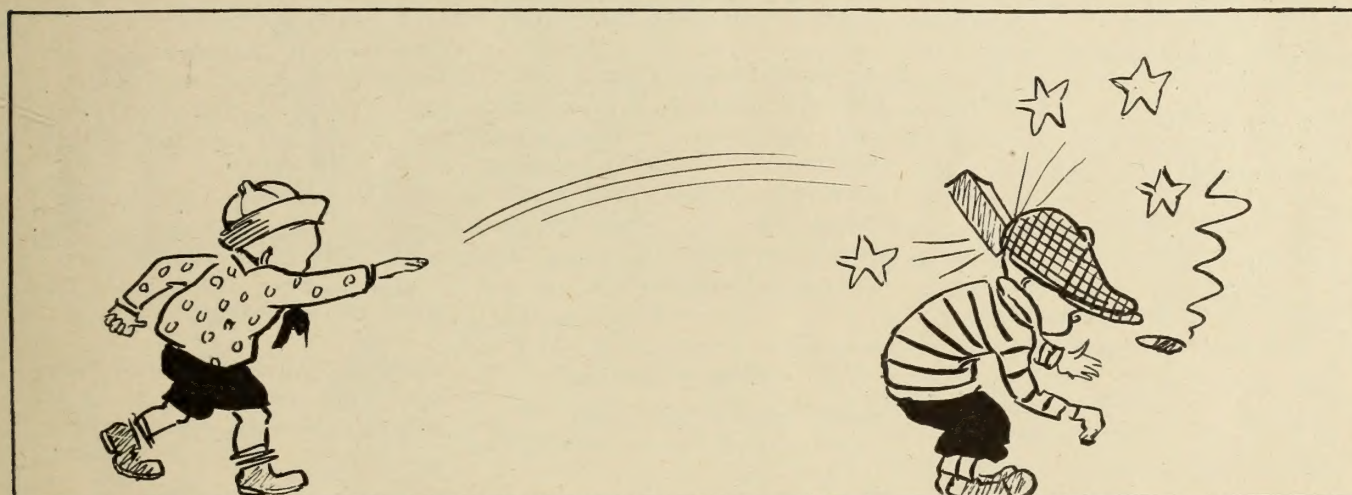
A railroad train pulled by a cinderless electric engine rolled slowly into an artistic station. A stalwart man with the physique of a pugilist lightly swung himself from one of the Pullmans and

stepped to the platform. In his right hand he carried a small satchel which could not have weighed more than two or three pounds at the most. His strong fingers carried it along as it were no heavier than a feather. He walked briskly up the platform, swinging it easily from side to side.

And as he neared the gate, he was *not* mobbed by a clamouring, perspiring, wrangling, insinuating, pesky crowd of presumptuous red-caps and porters who practically demanded that they be permitted to carry his tiny bag from the train to a taxi.

Ah, yes, the millennium *had* come.

ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN.





"SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!"

Thoughts of a Man About to Propose

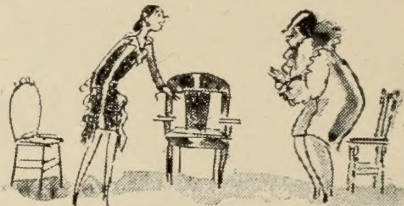
TUM tum ta-tum-tumm tummmmm tum tum ta-ta tum ta-ta tummm tummmmm . . . I won't get down on my knees . . . Fellow ought to wear knee pads when he proposes . . . I'll say to her, "Well, kid, what do you say we get hitched? . . . No . . . Not romantic enough . . . As if there was anything romantic about getting married . . . Bills, bills, bills and babies . . . Guess I won't ask her at all . . . But supposing some one else should! . . . Gee, I'd die . . . Supposing someone else is now . . . Gosh, this car's slow!"

Probably everyone she knows has proposed to her . . . Why should she have me? . . . She'll ask me if I can support her in the manner she's been used to, and I'll take her on my lap and say, "Sure," see. . . No. That's not romantic . . . Wonder what is romantic nowadays . . . I'll explain the reason I'm only making \$3,000 a year is 'cause I didn't have no incentive to really get out and work . . . But I won't get down on my knees. No, sir . . . Not this baby . . .

Baby . . . Hope it'll be a boy . . . Girls are too expensive when they start to grow up . . . Boys just grow . . . I did . . . I could say to her, "How'd you like to be the Mrs. Baby?" . . . No . . . That's not *savoir faire* enough . . . Wonder if that's right . . . Got to look it up in my French course as soon as the postman brings the next lesson . . . It would be real romantic to sort of whisper in her ear, "Will you marry me, dear?" . . . That's poetry . . . In a crowded

subway or something with the life of the city bustling all around . . . Gosh, I'll miss the life of the city when I'm married and can't go out nights . . .

When I'm married! . . . Gosh! She hasn't even heard my sales talk yet . . . I'll put it across, though . . . It's like pleading with the judge to give you life . . . You



"DO TAKE THIS CHAIR. IT'S MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE THAN THAT!"

only do that on an insanity case. . . Well, I'm insane! . . . I'm crazy about that Jane . . . If she'll only have me . . . Guess I'd better get down on my knees and make a strong plea . . . Wish this car wasn't so darned slow . . . I've never seen Niagara Falls . . .

—CARROLL CARROLL

* * *

Strong Drink

I sat beneath a lofty pine
And viewed the mountains, far
and near;
The soothing breezes were as wine,
Vermouth, champagne or lager
beer.

The sky was full of clouds and sun,
Of gnats and bugs and honey
bees,
But did I heed them? Nay, not one,
For I was drinking up that
breeze.

—JOHN COULTHARD.

* * *

News

"Mr. Peltier went up through the roof of his cabin and landed in the street, on his mattress, still wrapt in the quilts and blankets, fortunately for us, unhurt, handsomely bound and lavishly illustrated, \$3."

—Ad in Pennsylvania paper.
An unusual experience.

One as Worthless as the Other

Mose entered Lawyer Brown's office, laid his hat upon a chair, and said:

"Lawyer Brown, Ah wants to know what Ah's to do. Ah's married to Mandy, but Ah wants to marry Liza."

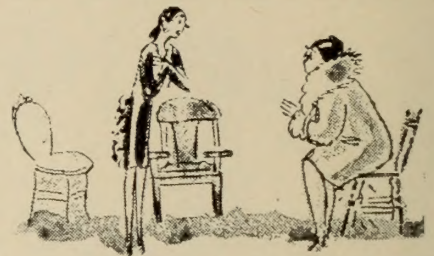
"Well, Mose," said the lawyer, kindly, "you should first have a divorce. I believe I can arrange it for you."

"How much dat 'vorce gwine cost me?" asked Mose, cautiously.

"About thirty dollars," replied the lawyer.

Mose carefully considered.

"Shucks!" he said, after a moment. "Ah guess Ah won't bothah



"NOW, MY DEAR, YOU MUSTN'T FUSS ABOUT ME—I'M JUST GOING TO—"

aftah all. Ah doan' believe 'tween dem two women dey's thutty dollahs' woth ob differunce!"

F. K. YOUNG.

* * *

The Tabloid Headline Artist

ADMITS PLOT
TO KILL "DUCE"
SLAYERS MEET
DEATH BY NOOSE
SOPRANO DIES
CAUSE UNKNOWN
WIFE RETURNS
HUSBAND FLOWN
BLAMES JAZZ
FOR MATRICIDE
ARRESTS SHEIK
WITH HIS BRIDE
"HE'S A BRUTE!"
COMPLAINS WIFE
CONVICTS BREAK
FIVE DOING LIFE
CHICAGOAN SLAIN
WENT FOR RIDE
(!!!!!! The Poet committed suicide.)

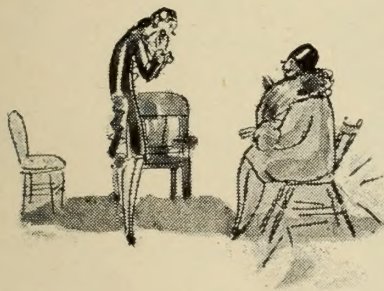
WILLIAM RAY GILMAN.



AN old law recently revived in Rhode Island provides that Newport be responsible for damage done by dogs anywhere in the county. This includes, of course, collie dogs, mongrel dogs and so forth. A test case is now being tried to see whether this applies to damage done by gay dogs in automobiles.

GENERAL Chiang Kai-Shek, of China, in denying his relationship to a lady just landed in this country, claims that at the present time he is entirely without a wife. It would be interesting to have his idea on what constitutes being partly without one.

A DOG has recently gained some notoriety because he can tell Sunday by the number of places



SIT—

that are set at table. This is unique; still it is remembered that practically every cat in the world knows when it is Friday.

ADVERTISEMENT; Painting, paper-hanging, decorating, contract. Garments a specialty. Reasonable estimates. The *estimates* are reasonable, but oh, the bills!

A COMPANY recently advertising its hair restorer in a New York magazine makes the statement that no bald head can

look young. The man who wrote this, when he was first born had a head that was as bald as any baby and he certainly must have looked quite young.

BEING in love is like motoring at night. Everything seems different and it is hard to tell what speed is being made.

THE age of innocence: when we believed that red was the natural colour of a girl's lips.

"Toronto! What do I think of it?" echoed the Diwan of Rutlam, standing with one foot on the platform and the other in the sleeping-car doorstep. "Toronto is beautiful; the buildings here are magnificent; the manner in which the city is laid out is most impressive. Summing up my impression, I will always think of Toronto as the City of Homes."

—Globe, Sept. 14th.

PROVING that the applesauce industry in India's sunny clime is doing quite well, thank you.

THE big question at the present time seems to be: "Will the new Ford necessitate the new Ford joke?"

Usually Is

"Death is Fatal to Toledo Pioneer."

—Toledo News-Bee, Toledo, Ohio.



RIGHT—

Society Note

"Will Booze of Peddlar's Hill, Amherst County, was guest of Mrs. V. E. Lackland and family a few days last week."

—Roanoke (Va.) Times.

Mr. John Barleycorn is understood to have been present.

[The Catastrophe]

A gaunt beggar clutched at the sleeve of Hamilton Hepps.

"A dime, sir, for a cup of coffee?" he whined. Hepps turned and surveyed him.

"Why should I give you a dime?" he asked. "What brought you to this plight?"

"A terrible catastrophe, sir," the beggar replied. Two years ago I, like you, enjoyed business prosperity. I worked industriously. On the wall above my desk was my motto—*Think Constructively; Act Decisively*. Wealth poured my way. And then—and then—"

"Yes," said Hamilton Hepps, with a modern business man's interest. "And then?"

The beggar's frame shook convulsively.

"The janitor burned my motto!" he sobbed.

—C. WARDEN LA ROE.

The Spendthrift

A Scotchman had been promised a present of a new hat. Before the purchase was made the donor called and asked, "Would you rather have a felt hat or a straw, Sandy?"

"Weel," said Sandy, "I think I'll take a straw one. Maybe it will make a mouthful for the coo when I'm done wi' it."

Observation

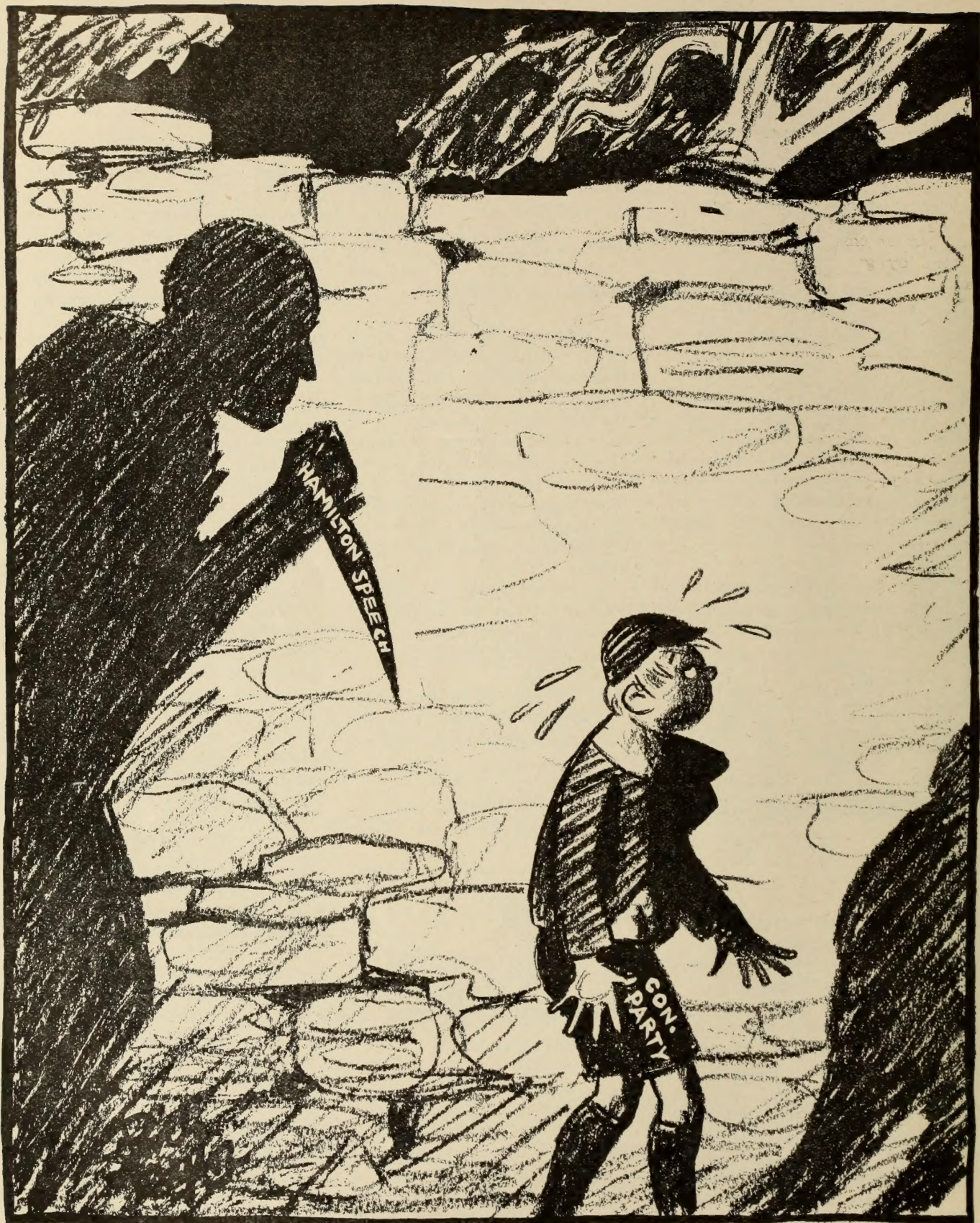
PORTLY dancers over fifty Always scorn to dodge or steer, And derive (it seems) a thrifty Pride in giving bumps severe!

Choose a certain destination, Never yield an inch of ground, And—I speak from observation— Hit their prey with every pound.

—PARKE CUMMINGS.



HERE!



MEIGHEN MY SHADOW



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MANAGING EDITOR—JOSEPH EASTON McDUGALL

VOLUME VIII—NUMBER 3

NOVEMBER, 1927

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Peace, Perfect Peace!

THE ninth anniversary of the return of peace on earth finds many healthy signs in favour of its firm establishment. The League of Nations is still functioning, which was to be expected, but a more encouraging symptom within a symptom is the amount of importance in the public mind accredited to the question of Canada's status within the League. While the relative importance of Canada, with all due respect to our beloved country, is a matter of such attention-getting import, surely freedom from worries of graver concern is indicated.

Just to accentuate the idea of Peace, Perfect Peace, we have still ringing in our ears President von Hindenburg's tactful remarks uttered at the recent unveiling of a monument. In a few well-chosen sentences, Herr von Hindenburg disclaimed all responsibility for the inception of the Great War on the part of Germany, and characterized the conflict as a war of aggression against the Central Powers. To us who have but recently listened to the utterances of our illustrious aldermen on the occasion of the German winning the Marathon swim, and who have rejoiced in or decried the illuminating spectacle of Canadian youths cheering the victor on with such arias as "Ach! Du Lieber Augustin," and attempts

at "Die Wacht am Rhine," the president's remarks seem somewhat anachronistic.

Such *Wiegenlieder* (ah, there, Mr. Mencken!) as the above, drifting over the ether must have caused the ex-Kaiser on his protracted holiday to pause from his wood-chopping and indulge in the smile which has not yet become famous all over the world. Certainly almost before the last guttural accents had died upon the air, they had succeeded in diverting the worthy burghers of Paris from their apprehension, if any, as to the safety of the American légionnaires in convention there, and had set them buzzing and swarming in righteous indignation. Everywhere in La Belle France editors were "viewing with alarm," replies were being formulated. The delights of Montparnasse or the Riviera were forgotten in favour of the more stimulating exaltation of rage. Even the Toronto "Telegram" shivered and quickened under this new stimulation.

Over all the world, across the mountains, down the valleys, over the plains of the soldiers' graves, across the oceans where the sailors slept, sped the new and oh-so-vastly-important question. "Who won the War?" was supplanted as something to wrangle over by "Who started the war?"

POTAGE CANADIEN

Item

LET those who decry the decline of the art of conversation not overlook the fact that the pastime has changed to meet the altered mode of life in this the second decade of the Neo-Georgian era. Take for instance one phase alone: the phenomenon of cafeteria conversation. Accompanied by an old friend, one balances one's tray to the nearest table at which two seats more or less adjacent are available. The other occupants at the table all stop talking and look uncomfortable for a decent interval. In this trying lull your friend leans over to you and with an air of infinite mystery tries something like this:

"I saw—er—er—the young lady yesterday."

You both stare guiltily around the table.

"What young lady?" you whisper.

"Why, the girl down at—down at the place we went on Saturday." You acknowledge his communication with an expression of exaggerated intelligence.

"Did she say anything?"

"I'll say so! She went to the theatre again with your friend with the red hair."

Again you both scan apprehensively

the faces of the other lunchers. The fat man with goggles opposite you has begun to address his companion.

"So I says to him, 'If that's the way you feel about it, it's O.K. by me.'"

"O.K. is right," says the companion.

"Sure, a guy's got some rights!" "You said it!"

By this time the identity of the red-haired friend of the lady who was at the place you were at on Saturday has dawned upon you. You are about to reply when the



third couple present strike up a smart golf conversation which is maintained as an obligation throughout the meal.

If conversation in this day is therefore not noted for distinction and refinement, it gains nevertheless something in

subtlety. The art of indirect suggestion has never reached such a height.

Anecdote

THE hazards of modern travel were never more graphically illustrated than in the following anecdote vouched for by a friend. The scene is a dining car. Enter a traveller, hungry and thirsty. The waiter caters to his hunger and a bottle of whiskey half-hidden in his lap caters to his thirst. Train travel is apt to be wearisome. One requires a companion. At a nearby table a suitable companion

is discovered and hailed with an appropriate "Whoopee!" The convivial one moves his place and a lively friendship is struck up. Here the curtain descends to note the passing of twelve hours. The scene this time is the sleeper. The porter is talking to our agent:

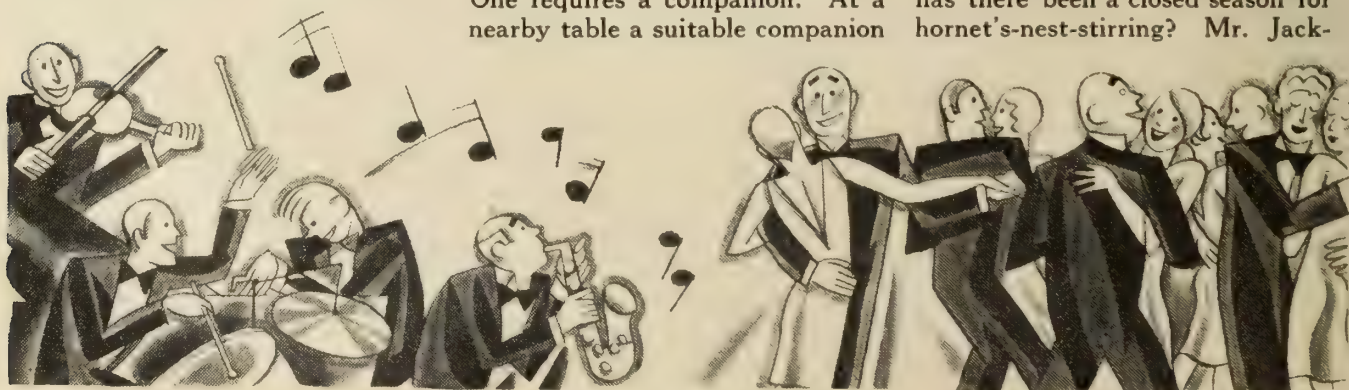
"You remembah that drunk in lowah seven last night? Well, he thought he was pretty smaht. 'Long abaht one o'clock he figures he'll slip down and join his friend three cars in the reah, and he goes daown there with nothing on but his pajamas, and a bottle in his hand. Seems lak' he must have fallen asleep or something, 'cause he ain't heah this mawnin', but his clothes and baggage is."

The porter paused for a chuckle and shuffled down the aisle. As he went he half turned and said, "Whut that darn fool don't know is the car he's in was switched to Erie, Pennsylvania, during the night!"

Thoughts of what a man would do on awakening in Erie, Pennsylvania, on a crisp October morning clad only in his pajamas and devoid of funds—with a hangover thrown in for good measure—depressed us all that day.

A New Champion

MR. A. Y. JACKSON, the Toronto artist, has succeeded in stirring up a hornet's nest over his statement that Montreal is lacking in appreciation of the arts and is, in fact, "the most bigoted city in Canada." Criticism levelled at Mr. Jackson is in our opinion not altogether fair. Since when has there been a closed season for hornet's-nest-stirring? Mr. Jack-



son has all kinds of precedent for engaging in this popular sport at this time of year. We have this on the authority of such well-known hornet's-nest-stirrers as Controller Hacker, Thomas L. Church, M.P., Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, Mr. Levine and others of when we cannot think at the moment.

Interviewed in his office, Mayor Mederic Martin, of Montreal, was very modest about the new title awarded his city.

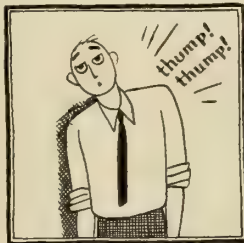
"I attribute our success," he said, "to clean living, regular hours and the indomitable will to win. Those who claim that Toronto put up a better scrap with its spectacular 'Battle of the Nudes' are talking through their hats. We hold the champinship in bigotry, and we are proud of it."

"No," he added, "we don't intend to engage in any more bouts for a few months. We intend to rest up after the last one."

Mayor Martin added that his city would be a fighting champion ready to defend the title at any time anywhere, providing a sufficiently large purse were put up.

Complaint

HE stands in the window of the office building opposite in his shirt sleeves and he watches Miss Henderson taking shorthand by the hour (Miss Henderson does take shorthand by the hour and the Pitman method), which attention is only mildly disconcerting to Miss H. We have caught him a couple of times and our personal opinion



is that he's an ugly-looking cuss. Our secret conviction is also to the effect that he's probably just a second assistant shipping clerk or something who couldn't treat a gal to anything better than doughnuts and coffee. We take this means of reporting the low fellow to his misguided boss, whose time is being thrown away in this unworthy if pleasant manner.

Ringside Seat

WE attended the Dempsey-Tunney scrape and enjoyed it thoroughly. Our seat was on the second window-sill of the guest room, and was within fifteen yards of the loud speaker of the second apartment east, one floor up. Nobody stood up in front of us, nobody behind us bashed our hat down over our head in excitement or offered to lay me two to one on a knockout in the eighth round. The voice of the announcer came in clearly and distinctly. The roar of the cheering was only outdone by the huzzas of the occupants of the apartment in question, and the tinkling of the ice in their glasses.

The element of uncertainty came to our aid and added to the excitement. Just when the boys would be mixing it up and somebody would be trembling on the edge of going out, the writer meanwhile trembling on the edge of falling out the window, a trolley would pass and the event

was shrouded in mystery. When the fight was over we were pretty certain it was Tunney who had won, and by a knockout. At that, we probably garnered as clear an impression of the Big Fight as several thousand \$5.00 seat-holders.

A New Field

THE pressure of competition has given rise to an entirely new and delightful form of sales solicitation, one of the brightest



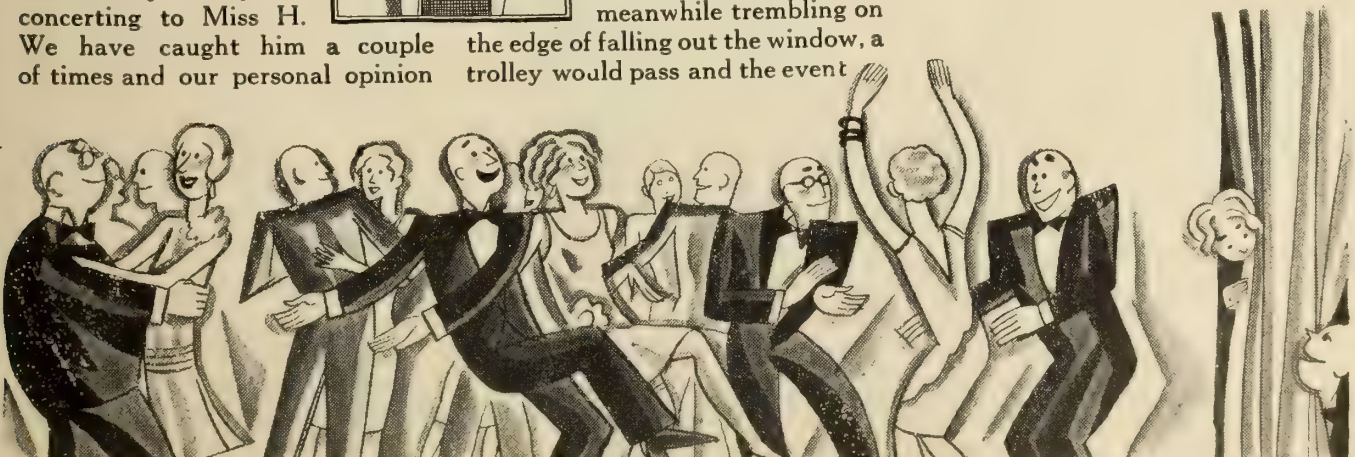
phases of which is the fact that it is democratic and almost anyone who wants anything, which is to say everyone, may enjoy its refreshing qualities. We refer to the methods introduced by some of our moulders of public opinion for getting want ads. Suppose, for example, you want a cook-general. You insert an advertisement in the classified section of the "Daily Doodab." The next morning you will be treated to a number of delightful phone calls. Charming voices will address you somewhat along this style:

"Good morning, Mrs. Yifnif. I guess you are all tired out, you poor dear!"

You acknowledge the sympathy.

"I don't suppose you've got that girl you wanted, yet, have you? Well, that's too bad! This is the

(Continued on page 33)



The Night We Rode the Horse

BY GEOFFREY MARSH



ORDINARILY I do not ride horses. Neither does Harry. But Harry said this was a special occasion and I took his word for it. That was why I took that fourth drink. I practically never take the fourth unless it is a special occasion. It is one of my principles not to. But I have great faith in Harry and when he said this was a special occasion I said all right, you're my best friend so here's down your neck.

Then Harry took the fourth one too.

After that we rode the horse.

Harry said it would be a good idea to go up and call on Gwendolyn but it wouldn't do to go in a taxi because she was an old-fashioned girl and a taxi was pretty crude and modern to go calling on a girl like Gwendolyn when she was a cousin of his and everything. I said yes, and besides most of them are dirty and they smell. Gwendolyn is a nice clean girl, Harry said, when we get there we had better take a bath.

I said all right, but how are we going to get there? Harry said if it was only winter we could buy a pair of skis or even now, if she only lived on the lake shore we could rent a canoe.

I said yes, or swim, I am a marathon swimmer, and then we wouldn't need to take a bath when we get there.

Harry said we would have to take a bath anyway to get the grease off, though maybe we wouldn't need much grease for a little swim like that.

I said it was five miles and we would need lots of grease for that because there was a frost last night. Harry said five miles where? I said up to Lawrence Park and Harry said well, we can't swim to Lawrence Park because it's pavement, we'll have to get a horse.

We'll have to get two horses I said and Harry said that would be putting on the dog to get two horses to go up to a quiet girl's like Gwendolyn. Well all right, I said, let's get one horse. Harry said you get it, I thought of it and now you have to get it. All right, I said, where do we get a horse? That's your problem, Harry said, I'm going to have another while I'm waiting.

I said make mine a small one and I'll get a bellboy.

I asked the bellboy where a stranger in town could enquire about horses and he said he didn't know but maybe a veterinary could tell us.

Harry said that is the remark of a genius, go ahead and call up your veterinary.

I haven't got one I said. Harry said well you're a hell of an executive if you can't get a veterinary. So I looked in the back of the phone book and picked out one called Rawlinson. The only other one was Banks and Harry said never take a man with a short

name because they are all hard hearted.

So I called up Mr. Rawlinson and I said good evening Mr. Rawlinson could you tell me if my horse is ready yet?

And Mr. Rawlinson said well sir she ought to 'ave another day or two you know but the cough's pretty well gone sir and if you must 'ave her I should think she would do. But just light work mind.

I said oh yes no heavy work for a week I should think and Harry said ask him for some hay.

Mr. Rawlinson said shall I deliver her tonight sir and I said oh no, I don't want to trouble you at this hour, I'll just drive round and get her myself.

Harry said it would be all right for us to go in a taxi as far as the veterinary's but that was the absolute limit because if Gwendolyn ever heard about him being in a taxi she would be offended. You had better bring some bath towels I said. Harry said all right, and just to show you I'm a master of detail I'll bring some soap too because no matter how much I drink I never forget things. I never forget either I said, bring the bath mat too and we'll buy some bath salts downstairs. Pink ones Harry said.

When we got to the veterinary's there was a man in the lane with a brown horse. I said are you Mr. Rawlinson? Yes he said. Well, I said, I've come for my horse, how is she, pretty full of the old beans?

Here, Mr. Rawlinson said, you ain't Mr. Thompson.

I know, I said, my name's Peter Piper and this uncouth fellow is Robinson Crusoe.

Mr. Rawlinson said here, what's the game?

I said as a matter of fact Mr. Rawlinson that's all a joke. As a matter of fact Mr. Thompson had to go down to the station to meet



"I SEE IN THE PAPER THAT A COUPLE GOT MARRIED UP IN AN AIRPLANE. I SHOULD THINK THAT WOULD BE DANGEROUS."

"IT'S DANGEROUS ANYWHERE!"

some friends and he asked us to call for the horse, we're stopping with him.

We're house guests Harry said.

Mr. Rawlinson said well, I don't know, I always like to deal with my clients personal, that's what I always say.

That's quite right, Harry said, Mr. Thompson said we would find you a man of sound ideas and I'll certainly tell him he was right. But he said a man of your judgment would know we were friends of his and he wants to have the horse in bed at home before he goes to bed himself. He's tender hearted like that.

Well all right, Mr. Rawlinson said, but you'd better leave me a receipt for her and mind you lead her slow, have you got a car?

Harry said yes but it's only a little car and it won't go fast, is that halter all the harness there is?

Mr. Rawlinson said yes, Mr. Thompson didn't send anything else. Oh well Harry said.

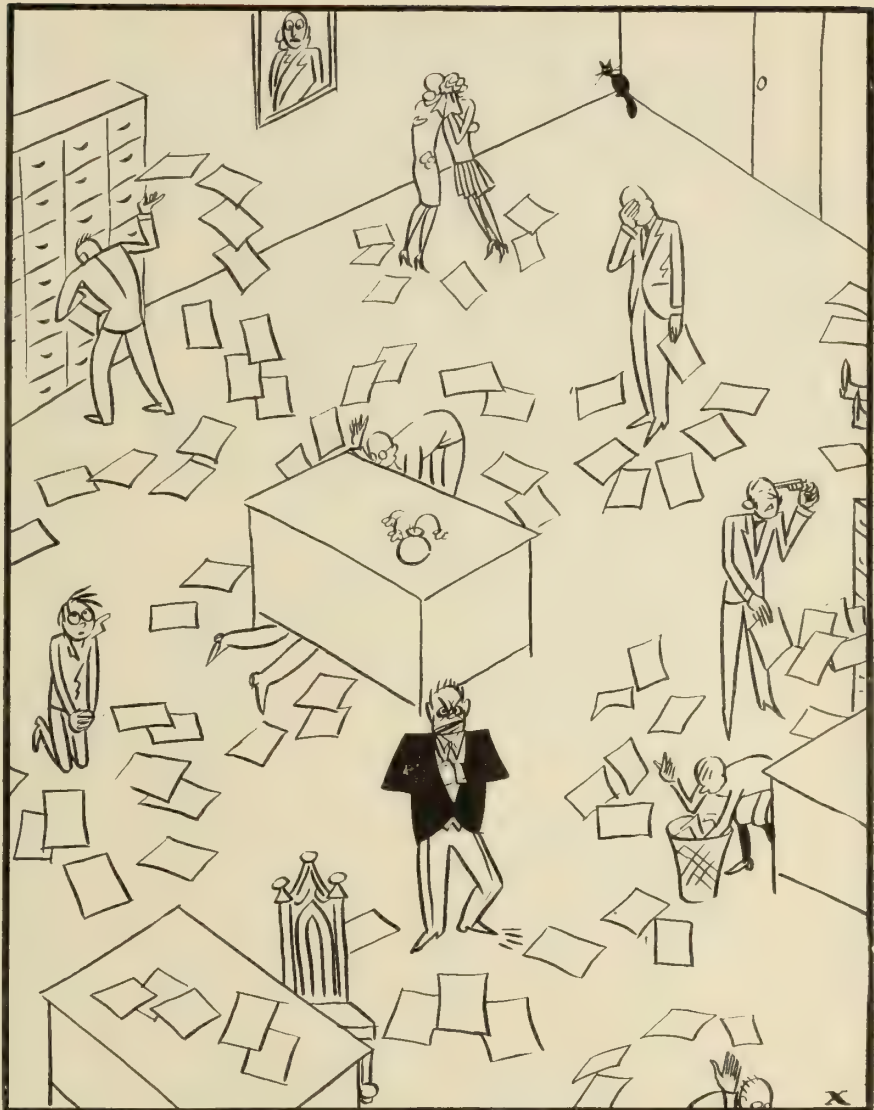
We gave Mr. Rawlinson a receipt and the names of a couple of young married men at home and their addresses and when we got a couple of blocks up the street I said what good does this do us, we're walking.

Harry said well, that's your problem, I'm looking after the bath, you look after the horse.

Well all right I said, there's the City Dairy, we can borrow a waggon. We haven't any harness Harry said. I said that's my problem, we'll just leave this horse here and take one of those, fair exchange isn't it. Sure Harry said.

There was a row of horses and waggons and now and then a man came out and piled cans and things into a waggon. So Harry and I tied Mr. Thompson's horse to a telegraph post and when there weren't any men outside we got into a waggon and drove off.

What do you think of this I said and Harry said I don't think Gwendolyn will like a milk waggon but we can give her some of this



INDUSTRIAL CRISES

The President of Office Specialty asks for a letter that is lost in the files.

milk. I said yes, or we can take a milk bath like Mary Queen of Scots. I'm looking after the bath Harry said.

We drove along for quite a while and Harry said it's lucky it's so late or there'd be more traffic. We must be nearly there I said. I can't see very well through that little hole Harry said. Why don't you get out in front I said. You get out in front Harry said, you're looking after the horse. All right I said, I'll ride the horse, I'm a cowboy. So am I Harry said, I'm an expert with horses.

So we stopped the horse and got

out. I said I'll get on in front and steer. Harry said no, I'd better get on in front so I can look for the street, you don't know where the house is. Well I said, you get on in front and look for the house and I'll get on behind and steer the horse. You're one of those back seat drivers Harry said and I said no, I'm a cowboy.

So we got on the horse and when we got to Gwendolyn's the house was all dark. Harry said she's gone to bed, she's just a quiet old fashioned girl.

I said well, we'd better leave

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)

Visions of Vice

OR
Youth, Tread Not This
Primrose Path

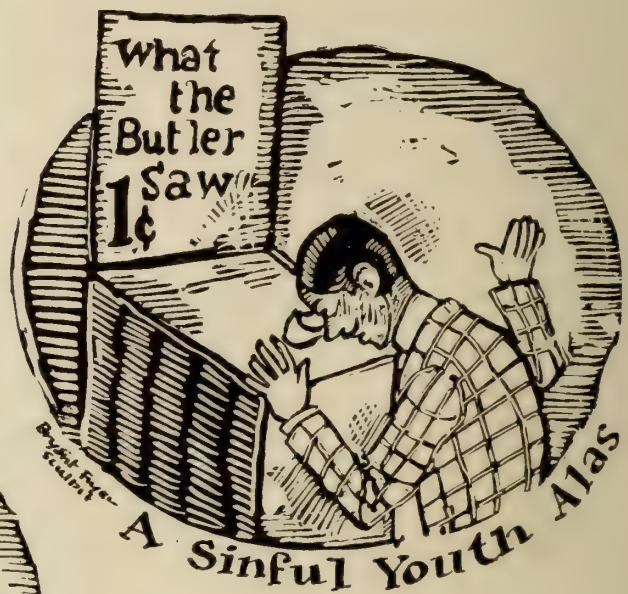
*Profusely Illustrated with 4 fine wood
engravings by Mr FRYER*



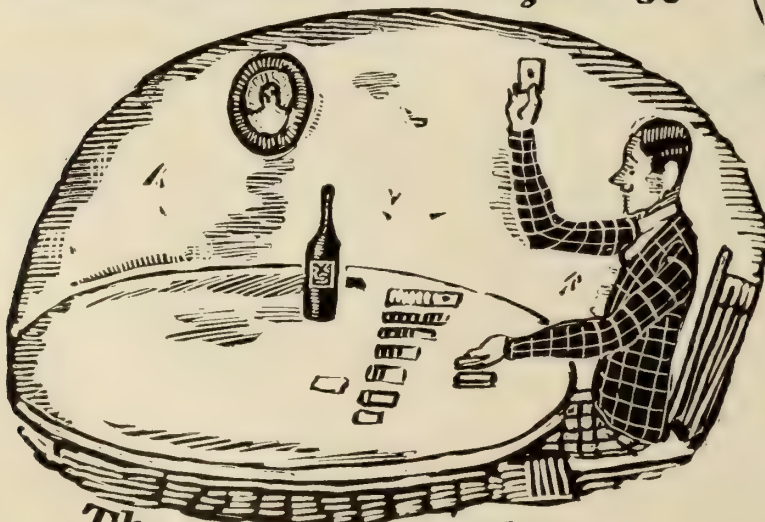
Shun O shun these lewd delights



~ The Maiden's Peril ~ Bryant Fryer, sculptist



A Sinful Youth Alas



The GAMBLER in his den

Alas for the perils of our great cities, the pitfalls that beset Youth on every side! Here, behold, that den of iniquity, the theaytre, devours with yawning maw; there the garish penny arcade calls to Youth with the seductive rythms of the automatic piano; bold ruffians infest the highways; nor in solitude is Youth safe from the dread vice of gambling. Larry turned the crank.

I Sing the Hobo

HERE'S to the hobo, the tatterdemalion,
Here's to the whole of his bearded battalion,
Here's to the Knight of the Road who's the jest of us,
Living a life not a bit like the rest of us.
Would he change places with even the best of us?

For his playground is the universe, his comrades are
the trees,
He ambles on unfettered by conventionalities;
He needn't make obeisance to temperamental cooks,
But fries his bits of bacon by the brinks of babbling
brooks.

In the winter he goes south,
In the summer he goes north,
From his grinning, toothless mouth
Merry melodies pour forth,
And he needn't go to banquets and he very rarely
laves
And he doesn't wear high collars and, of course, he
never shaves—oh,

Here's to His Nibs to the east and the west of us,
Smilingly taking the bad with the good—
Would Willie willingly dwell as the guest of us?
Would he change places with even the best of us?
Dollars to doughnuts he certainly would.

—Arthur L. Lippman.

* * *

More Than Plenty

Stranger: "Say, where can a fellow get some gas in
this town?"

Prospector: "Right over there, up one flight of
stairs, in that real estate office."



"Does your husband object to cats?"

"I should say he does. Why he says I feed all
the cats in the neighborhood. Won't you stay to
tea?"



"SO HE IS AN EXPERIENCED LOVER?"

"WELL, HE CAN TELL INSTANTLY WHETHER YOU ARE
PENSIVE OR SLEEPY."

Why the Movies Pay

"**H**OW was the film last night?"

"Oh, same as usual. Good enough as movies
go, but—well, you know. No real acting. No real
character study. No real motivation. As long as
the movies cater to the mob they'll never amount
to anything, and intelligent people will stay away."

"Exactly."

"I'm sick of those happy endings and all this
preaching. The trouble with the movies is that
they are too moral, not *immoral*."

"Just what I say."

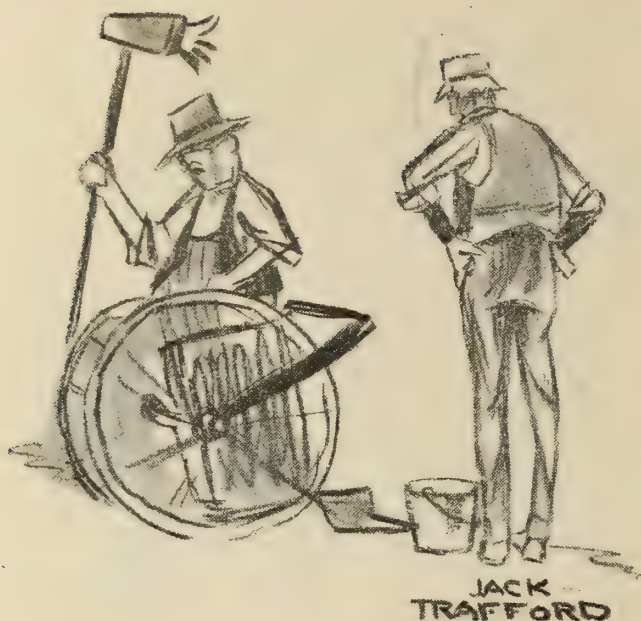
"I'm sick of the vaselined all-conquering heroes
and the vapid shop-girl actresses. I'm sick of the
impossible rescues, and the gaudy sets which make
a two-room apartment on Madison Avenue look like
the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. I'm sick of the
crazy conclusions that movie characters jump at.
I'm sick—"

"Me too. Come on up to my apartment and we'll
read a good book."

"Yeah, I'd like to, but—well—you see—I
though I'd see this new picture at the Splendid.
Critics say it's entirely different from the ordinary
run of stuff—new experiment—extremely significant.
You'd better come."

"Well, I thought—yeah, all right."

—RAY WEST.



"I never wuz one to speak agin the departed, but allus thought poor Joe wuz just a trifle careless around the lamp posts."

The Dictator of the Dumb Drama

ED. NOTE.—GOBLIN, while pleased to afford publicity to the correspondence printed below, does not assume responsibility for any of the opinions or statements therein.

*Dr. Nuttwarder's Private Sanatorium,
Goofburg, Ont.*

The week before last.

Sir:

Movie fans may not agree as to whether Clara Bow is more beautiful than Esther Ralston, or whether Charlie Chaplin is funnier than Harold Lloyd, or whether Cecil de Mille is more intellectual than Douglas Fairbanks, but one thing they are agreed on, and that is that there is something wrong with the movies. A secret organization, with the avowed object of putting right what is wrong, has been formed, and all true lovers of the silver screen are urged to become members.

I have been elected, by a nation-wide vote of film fanciers, as the Supreme Seneschal and Sockdologer of the cult, and my first official act is to promulgate the statute set forth below. Let anyone disobey its commands at their peril! This shall be their warning. Should they disregard it, vengeance will be swift, unheralded and terrible. The penalties prescribed will be inflicted without mercy and without hesitation. The might of the Consolidated Consecrated Chapters of Celluloid Connoisseurs is behind my pronouncements!

I am, sir, yours, etc.,

Batson Belfry.

Anyone who shall, wilfully and with malice aforethought, produce or be concerned in any mannre

in the production, distribution, projection or advertisement of any of the species or varieties of cinematographic representations, or movies, commonly so-called, and hereinafter to be more fully described, shall be held to be guilty of a heinous felony, involving moral turpitude, with consequent excommunication from the benefits of the church, and shall be liable, on conviction, to the punishments set forth in the schedule.

Description of movies that may not lawfully be made, with schedule of appropriate punishments for breach of this statute:

Dramas of the heroic north, with R.N.W.M.P. heroes and French half-breed villains, and sub-titles in broken English.

Banishment to Baffin's Land.

South Sea spectacles, with cuties in a coating of burnt cork and a fringe of raffia, where a drunken beach-comber is reclaimed from bumdom by the sight of a pure, sweet American girl.

Three months in the Keeley Institute.

Crook dramas, where the principal crooks are really quite noble fellows, only debauched from spending their tender years in gaol, instead of at their mother's knee, and where said crooks reform in the last sequence, declaiming that honesty is the best policy.

Enforced residence in Chicago.

War plays, where the hero takes a message from the Commander-in-Chief up to the front line, is wounded after slaying 125 Huns, and wakes to find his sweetie, a Red Cross nurse, bending over him in No-Man's-Land.

Enlistment in the army and perpetual employment on sanitary fatigue.

Imitations of "The Sheik," where a fierce but fascinating Arab, with 100 horse-power S.A., abducts a trembling maiden, carries her to his tent, but respects her virtue and eventually marries her. (He is really white, all the time.)

To be turned loose in the middle of the Sahara with 31 pounds of soda biscuits, and 5 kippered herrings.

Pictures in which the heroine is left penniless by her rich father's bankruptcy, but retrieves the family fortunes by becoming Broadway's favourite dancer (dancing in a manner which would ensure her being hissed off any stage in Pantage's circuit.)

Forced to dance four hours nightly, to music of the Ottawa carillon, with peas in shoes and a 300-pound partner.

Slapstick comedies in which the principal clown is shot in the seat of the pants.

To be sat down in a vigorous bed of poison ivy.

"Hoss operas" where red-skins ride madly 105 times around the heroic settlers in the prairie schooner laager.

To ride 50 miles in breeches made of emery cloth, on a saddle made of alligator hide.

—A.B.C.

* * *

Morning Song

EACH morn the rosy-fingered dawn

Comes up, so poets say,
And robins chirp along the lawn

To greet the new-born day;
From bough to bough the bluebirds flit;

The leaves with dew are pearly;
I'll take the poets' word for it;

I don't get up that early.

—TOM DE PLUME.



Dietitian: " a few leaves of lettuce without oil, and a glass of orange juice. There, madam, that completes your daily diet."

Mrs. Amplewaite: "And am I to take this before or after meals?"

THE YARNS OF "HELL'S BELLS" O'NEIL

By James Warner Bellah

"THE man in the case," says Hell's Bells, "was one of these short, pink fellows with a wrist watch and a mustache and a silk handkerchief. This one came from South Africa and smoked Abdullas. The girl was one of those kind you call a peach. She had sort of clean hair, if you follow me, and her feet were well cut, not just slabs pasted into French heels. She had a face too, if I remember rightly, and when you saw it you said to yourself, 'Hot dog!'"

Hell's Bells beckoned for the steward. "The trouble with whiskey bottles," he said, "is that the bottoms are built too close to the tops. But to go on, the damn fool in the case was a curly-haired boy from the west who wanted to learn how to fly, and did, only not as quick as all that."

"Of the three of them the only one who could fly when the story starts was the short, pink lad from Joburg. All of which brings us to an aerodrome, which is a place where iron men in wooden ships play sky-tag with the angels and ground-tag with the bartenders."

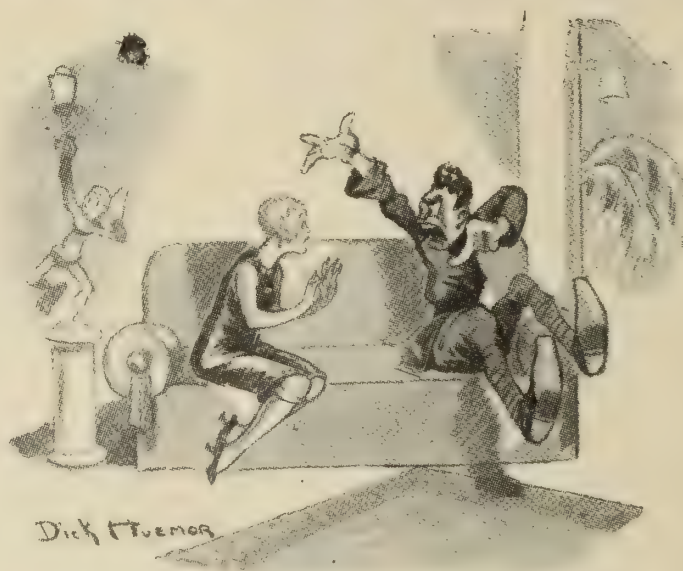
"The boy got what is known as his three landings, which is a way you used to learn to fly in the old days before the staff began to become generals. Three landings he gets—an hour and a quarter in the air all told—whereupon the Pink Boy from South Africa hops out of the bus and says: 'Well, go ahead. What's a matter? Got the wind up?'"

"'Hell, no!'" says the curly-

The Blonde Who Wanted to Fly

haired Kid, adding something about the Pink Boy being a four-toed wart without a pancreas. Which was a lie, all but the four-toed, no pancreas part.

"Well, the Kid gives her the gun and hops off, missing three trees and a hangar by the mere fact that his tires were half deflated. All in all, the Kid flies, see? He doesn't dare turn around for about an hour and he doesn't know how to land when he does



"After he talks, she thinks he is a mixture of Captain Guynemer, the Angel Gabriel and Bill Bishop

turn around. But, all in all, he flies. That's the important part.

"Well, about eight bells that night, it suddenly strikes him that he's a flyer. He's had a drink or two and he's dancing down at the King Edward Hotel and he's feeling pretty good. About that time he meets this girl who is the kind you call a peach and say 'Hot dog!' about. He notices that she has kind of clean hair and that her feet are put on straight. She notices that he's a kay-det, only after he talks a little bit she thinks there's

some mistake and that he is really a mixture of Captain Guynemer, the Angel Gabriel and Bill Bishop. She tells him she's dying to fly. He forgets for a moment that for the next three weeks he's flying to die, and he promises to take her up. She makes him get down to cases. He does.

"Two days later, when he hops off on his morning solo to do his two-finger exercises on the old Jenny joystick, there she is a couple of thousand feet down, waving a red raincape on the old Exhibition Grounds. 'Oh, my God!' says

the Kid, and he gets so flustered he pulls back the gun and before he knows it, he's landed. Well, he has the decency to put her in the back seat where the engine can't land in her lap, and he climbs into the front seat himself. To make a long story short, the front seat has all the workings except the throttle. He gets her to start the bus all right, but after they hop off he can't make her understand that he wants her to pull off the gun. She's having the time of her life leaning

over the side and signalling for loops and spins, and yelling 'Whoopee!' Meanwhile the Kid sweats off seven pounds of aviation lard. They go up and down the countryside making a long distance record with this Bimbo going crazy for joy and then finally, twenty miles from home, putter-putter-fiz, and the gas is gone. The Kid does just as the old instruction book says. He lands.

"At five o'clock the next day the Kid is up on the carpet at Flight Office.

"'Listen,' says Pink Jowls, 'you're in for the finest bunch of ash shovelling and paint-scrubbing you ever saw in your life.'

"'Why?' asks the Kid, innocent-like.

"'For taking a woman up in a government Jenny. That's why!' says the Pink Boy, biting out a couple of gold fillings.

"'Who'd I take up?'

"'My fiancée—that's whol'

"'Hummm!' says the Kid. 'You going to crime me for that?'

"'I sure am, you four-eyed sump swabber.'

"'Hummm!' says the Kid. 'Your girl will love coming up as a witness, won't she?'

"The Pink Boy stares and gulps. 'Never mind that,' he says.

"'Sure I'll mind it,' says the Kid. 'That girl taught me more about flying in five minutes than you taught me all the time I've been here.'

"'How come?'

"'By dancing around the cockpit and kicking against the joystick.'

"'Hummm!' says Pink Face.

"'And what's more,' says the Kid, 'I'm calling on her to-night and it'd look pretty bad if my hands were all roughed up by shovelling. And it would be worse if I told her you made me do it, especially as you've never taken



"'Were you ever connected with the Public Library?'"
 "Yes, when I 'phoned Trinity 0182."



STATION S.O.S. B.V.D. BROADCASTING

her up. Wouldn't it?'

"Pink Face looks out the window and sees the light of day. 'Get to pieces out of here and fly,' he says.

As the Kid told me afterwards, if the girl had invited him to call, he'd 've cut that lobster out in fifteen minutes, which is a way kay-dets have of doing or may I break my neck on roller skates. Which reminds me," said Hell's Bells, "of a story."

* * *

"Testimony in the following cases will be heard Tuesday: Harry B. West and Asa West, Freda B. East and Edwin East."

—Des Moines (Iowa) Register.

How

Do some modern poets survive
 This era and remain alive?
 In every other line they show
 How futile life is here below.
 I guess they live by conscience ruled
 To keep us all from being fooled.
 Without their verse some people
 might
 Convince themselves the world's
 all right.

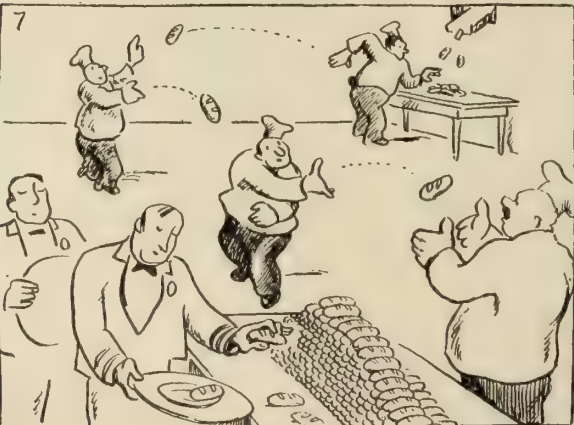
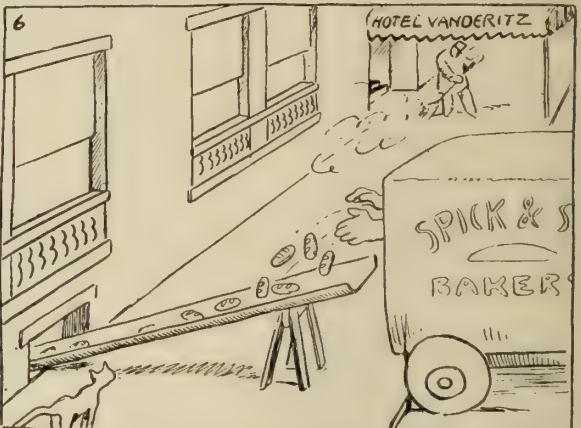
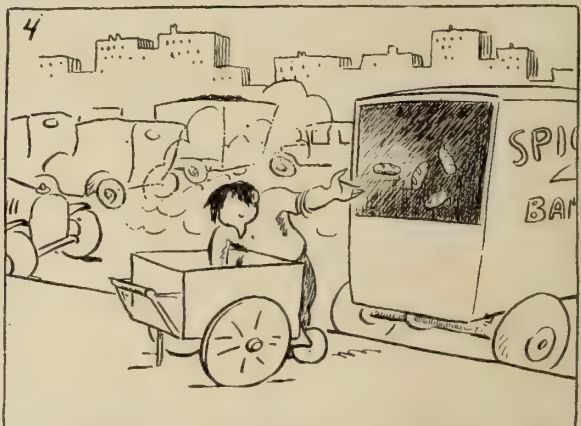
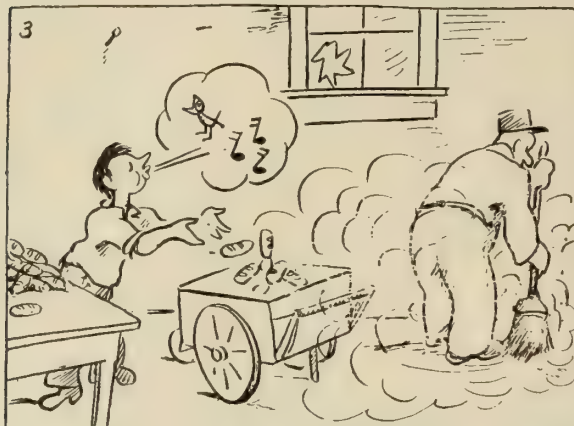
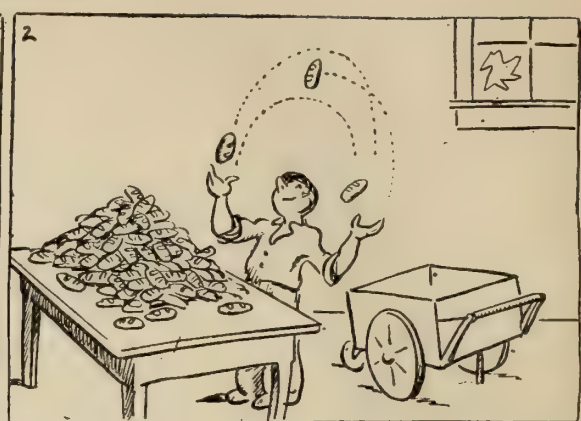
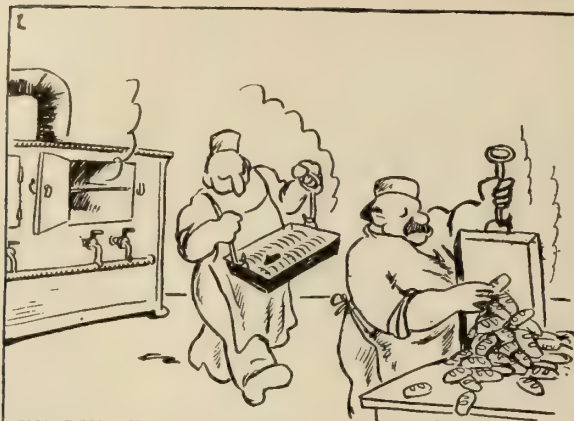
—P.C.

* * *

"Married schoolmen, their wives and sweethearts will hold their annual picnic at Elkhart."

—Fordney (Ind.) Times.

Startling disclosure of Indiana immorality.



THE LIFE OF THE ROLL

—New Yorker.



AS IT was excitedly announced by the Fox Film Corp. that F. W. Murnau, German genius of cinema direction, was to be imported—duty clear, to wit, exercise his art—the intelligent movie-going public looked pleased, but shook its collective and dubious head. It had been proven that few could come from foreign parts and pass through the Hollywood undergrowth and overproduction unscathed. Yet Herr Murnau has more or less done it, thus becoming eligible to a *niche* in legendary importance beside Siegfried—before him, in fact for surely Murnau must have slain more dragons and bugaboos (even if he didn't get them all) in the making of "Sunrise" than the one fire-gushing monster that Siegfried laid low in Woden Wood.

While Murnau has not quite succeeded in duplicating the unquestionable greatness of his "The Last Laugh" which still—after over two and a half years—is distinctly first among the truly great motion pictures of the world (it was made in Germany), he has made laudable use of his talent and produced a film of much technical beauty, much understanding and some poignancy.

Like "The Last Laugh," "Sunrise" is concerned more with emotions than action and is completely divorced from such dwarfing circumstances as time and place. It is subtitled, unnecessarily and a bit reprehensibly, "A Song of Two Humans." This added title is as useless to an audience as are the other subtitles throughout the picture. "The Last Laugh" had none. It needed none. "Sunrise" needs

none but has a few—commendably few and not very bad ones come to think of it—in spite of the fact that it doesn't need them. This is explained by the information that we in North America are considered a bunch of dumb-bennies who can't understand much unless it's pretty carefully explained.

William Fox and his associates have done some valuable work in allowing Murnau nearly enough rope not to hang himself but to

AND BRIEFLY

"THE Cat and the Canary"—

A technically excellent picture that is good entertainment if groping, claw-like hands and corpses suddenly falling through concealed panels is your idea of a pleasant evening.

"College"—Buster Keaton in the most depressing comedy I've ever seen.

"The Drop Kick"—Another "college" picture from which I was carried babbling baby talk.

"A Woman on Trial"—Pola Negri getting acquitted in a story of intense French passion that amounts to killing and is good for a fair to middling good cry.

"Slide, Kelly, Slide"—See below.

"Swim, Girl, Swim"—No, no, dear, further below.

"Smile, Brother, Smile"—I will not countenance these titles. I demand that they stop! Think, producers, think!

hang most of the moronic movie traditions in a dark corner. In this praiseworthy endeavor he is aided and abetted—or maybe just aided—by George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor, the former doing much better than anyone would expect.

If it means anything to you, I heartily recommend this original motion picture story by Suderman—one which bears but slight resemblance to, yet inevitably sug-

gests, Drieser's "An American Tragedy"—and suggest that you ask your local exhibitor to book it. If you haven't seen "The Last Laugh," ask for that too. Together these two films would mean ten or twelve reels of the finest celluloid obtainable.

* * *

AT this point I had planned a rather searching observation on just what sort of things the movies *can* do and *can't*, do but the weather suddenly turned warm so I shall tell you about "The Loves of Carmen." It is *awful*! A saturated solution of Mary Pickford in a 50 per cent. compound of Colleen Moore and Clara Bow is Dolores del Rio's conception of the fiery friend of the toreadors. Only Escamillo comes out of a *mêlée* of opera, Merimée and imagination (about two inches of it) rather unscathed in a new and swaggering interpretation by Victor McLaglen.

My companion viewing "The Loves of Carmen" suggested that the picture might have been saved had Senorita del Rio been permitted about a reel in which to disrobe at leisure and cavort before the camera as the light of day first saw her; thus getting all her exhibitionistic repressions off a rather proudly emphasized bosom. It is my own contention that the little del Rio girl cherishes a secret yearning to be an octopus and have six extra legs to flaunt gayly in the faces of the astonished multitudes.

* * *

OF course it's a pity for you people, but the ideal way to see pictures is at a professional preview . . . no one comes in or goes out across your lap . . . no titles are read aloud . . . you can smoke . . . and there are no "featurettes"—how I loathe "featurettes." (Sounds like a new kind of cookie, doesn't it?) Maybe that's why I enjoyed both "The American Beauty" with Billie Dove—a story about clothes cut to a pattern (the *story*, silly, not the clothes) and "The Crystal Cup,"

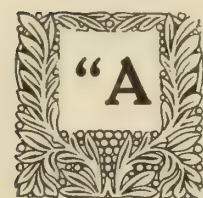
(Continued on page 29)



Books



A great Canadian novel . . . an amusing European adventure . . . an Olympian interlude . . . and an academic session.



ABANDON hope all ye who enter here" has many variations; often upon the jacket of a novel it reads, "winner of the such-and-such publishers' prize contest." In this respect "Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche (*MacMillan's*), is not only a prize novel but a surprise novel—if the reader will forgive the influence of the Marx Brothers. The fact that it would have been written anyway, contest or not, is the explanation, and, contest or not, it is the finest Canadian novel within this old-timer's recollection. For "Jalna" is, despite its oriental title, indigenous to Canada, and the Canadian scene is not self-consciously put forward.

In the middle of the last century Captain Phillip Whiteoak and his young wife had come to Canada from India, tired of the latter country and eager to enjoy the life of a country squire in the newer land. The novel concerns the lives of his descendants and remarkable widow. One meets them as they live under the spell of the atmosphere of "Jalna," as in a moment of sentimentality Captain Whiteoak named his new home. The old house has acquired a personality and an active spirit clutching octopus-like each member of the family, and, ere long, the reader himself. Into this clan

whose individuals are sketched with a delightful mixture of sympathy and caricature the reader is absorbed. One lives this life of ambition, pettiness, love and hatred and finds, in a plot which is dependent almost entirely upon character development, stimulus to spare.

One's greatest impression of "Jalna," the book, is that it is a piece of truly masterful writing; it is above all authentic. It is a fine and sturdy piece of work.

* * *

"THE Madonna of the Sleeping Cars," by Maurice Dekobra, (*Irwin & Gordon*) is caviar and a cocktail before a duel.

The novel concerns itself with a succession of thrilling episodes in the lives of that highly immoral and admittedly delightful dilettante, Lady Diana Wynham, and her devotedly platonic Sancho Panza, Prince Gerard Seliman, in smart London, diplomatic Berlin, wild and woolly Bolshevik Russia and historic Scotland. The story opens with the lazy air of rococo sophistication of a Van Vechten novel but swiftly changes to a tale of mystery and intrigue in the best manner of the late William Le Queux. There is in this cocktail a generous portion of naughtiness, balanced by light opera bravery mixed with mystery, passion and a dash of beauty. It is a drink which contains very few vitamins, calories or what have you, but which has, nevertheless,

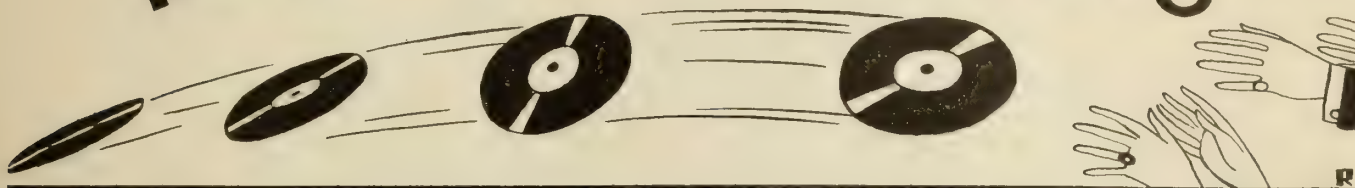
an immediate and exhilarating effect upon the heart action. *La Madone des Sleepings* is decidedly not "a good girl," but that she is a beautiful one, attractive though slightly insane, cannot be denied. She is undoubtedly of the type known as "continental," which may explain the fact that the book has already had a sale of well over a million copies in Europe. Its invasion of this continent should be as successful.

* * *

SINCE reading "Titans," that vast symphony of prehistoric battle, and now "The Iron Door" (*MacMillan's*), one wonders if perhaps Ned Pratt is not in reality more of a composer than a poet. If so, he is more Wagner and less Chopin than many of our modern word musicians. "Titans" was Wagner rolling thunderclouds against great black mountains. "The Iron Door," a vision of Eternity, is Wagner in the mood of his *Götterdämmerung*. One feels that to a foreigner who knew no English, hearing this ode well read, the reaction would be similar to that of a so vast symphony. Pratt, if one forgets for a moment the significance of his words and phrases, uses his thesaurus as an organ, tumbling upon the ear cataracts of words in tremendous cadences, sounding chords which depend more on euphony than the dictionary for their reception. Pratt should be declaimed in a

(Continued on page 26)

Disc Releases



BEFORE going into our act, let us call attention to the fact that that high priest of jazz, Paul Whiteman, has honored the waiting world with another dispensation in the way of a twelve-inch record by his Concert Orchestra which will slip into the niche beside his famous "Rhapsody in Blue." It's not as good as the latter, but it should appeal to the same people, if you know what we mean. It is Rube Bloom's "Soliloquy" (Victor), a composition of advanced and modern ideas. On the back of it the orchestra plays "When Day Is Done," to the ravishment of young ears. It is particularly notable for its trumpet work. Another outstanding record is Parts 3 and 4 of Moran & Mack's "Two Black Crows" (Columbia). This latest instalment is not quite as good as the first issue, but is still worth going into an ecstasy over.

Outstanding fox trot releases this month are "I'm Gonna Dance Wit' de Guy What Brung Me," played by the Six Jumping Jacks (Brunswick). A fox trot with a title like this needs a snappy orchestration and as everyone who has heard the Jumping Jacks knows, it gets it here. The record is particularly notable for the hot banjo work by one of the vaulting johnnies.

The next number to ring the bell is a new fox trot which is going to tickle the toes of the younger generation all this winter, "The Varsity Drag," from that collegiate

INVESTOR'S GUIDE

Fox Trots

"I'm Gonna Dance wit de Guy What Brung Me"—Six Jumping Jacks (Brunswick).

"The Varsity Drag"—George Olsen and His Orchestra (Victor).

"Joy Bells"—Harold Leonard's Waldorf-Astoria Orchestra (Columbia).

"Is It Possible?"—The Hollywood Dance Orchestra (Apex).

Waltzes

"Charmaine"—B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Orchestra (Victor).

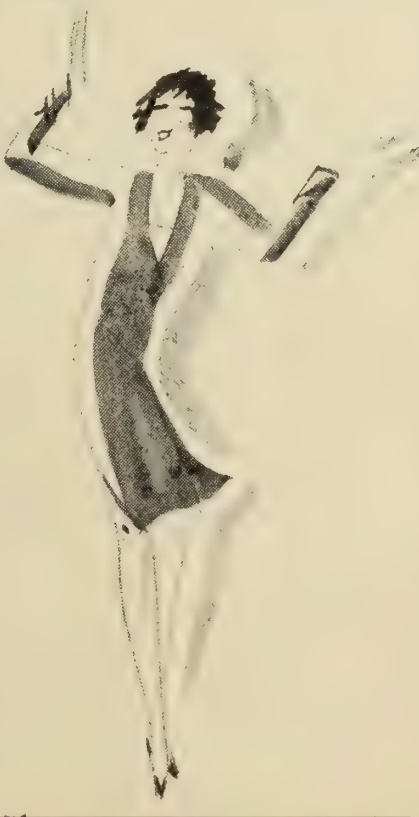
"Charmaine"—Traymore Salon Orchestra (Apex).

Concert

Peer Gynt Suite—Victor Symphony Orchestra.

"Duna," sung by Reinald Werrenrath (Victor).

"Ave, Maria"—Darewski Trio (Apex).



musical comedy, "Good News." Appropriately this number is played by the orchestra most popular with the *collitches*, George Olsen's (Victor), which has pep and rhythm galore, and some wonderful piano work. The odds are pretty much in favor of this being the best Charleston number of the month.

And there is "Joy Bells," played by Harold Leonard's Waldorf-Astoria Orchestra (Columbia). They play with restraint, but wonderful time. Vaughn de Leath sings this number and she's just about perfect for this sort of thing. The combination of "Joy Bells" with "Just a Memory" makes the best double-sided buy to date.

The Hollywood Dance Orchestra (Apex) have done themselves proud again with "Is It Possible?" ably helped out by the Sheridan entertainers next door with "Dew-dew-dewy Day."

WALTZES that will be featured before supper and while the cab is coming are "Charmaine," probably the sweetest waltz of the season, ably rendered by B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Orchestra (Victor), or by the Traymore Salon Orchestra (Apex). "Cheeri-beeribee," never a favorite of ours, is made acceptable, however, by Ben Selvin and His Orchestra (Brunswick) and a good vocal chorus. "I Could Waltz on Forever" and "When You Play with the Heart of a Girl" are not very exciting.

In the instrumental numbers, Lee Sims scores again with beautiful piano versions of "I'm Coming,

Virginia" and "Me and My Shadow" (Brunswick). This is one of the best piano records of recent date. Apex feature the Darewski Trio playing "Ave, Maria." This is a truly beautiful and moving number. "In a Monastery Garden," by Hager's Orchestra with bird notes by Sybil Sanderson Fagan is flawless. The Victor Symphony Orchestra have a beautiful Red Seal rendition of the Peer Gynt Suite. In spite of the fact that you have heard it every other week in your favorite movie house, if any, you'll probably enjoy it.

THE late Marjorie Pickthall's lovely song, "Duna," is beautifully sung this month by Reinald Werrenrath, whose resonant baritone sings also "My Little Gypsy Sweetheart" (Victor). His voice rides perfectly on the swell of well matched accompaniment.

Organ soloists seem gradually to be making the pipe organ into a popular instrument. Milton Charles playing "Just Once Again" and "When Day Is Done" makes the reeds more expressive than you might have thought possible, but as unlike the old-fashioned organ as you can imagine (Columbia).

The Anglo-Persians, led by that well-known Persian, Mr. Louis Katzman, played "Down South" for a cosmopolitan shandygaff, and "Call of the Desert" (Brunswick), which is something of "Fatima," something of "The Ruins of Athens," mixed in with memories of "Dardanella" and a dash of "The Sheik," and you can have them. Elsie Baker singing that terrible warning to maidens, "The Gypsy's Warning" (Victor), and "Take Back the Heart" (oh, so sad!) seems about as up-to-date as one of John Held, Jr.'s, woodcuts.

Other fox trots of note are "Barbara," played by Paul Specht and His Orchestra, which refutes the theory that all the good girls' names have been used up. The words are terrible, but the

music is simply swell. On the back of this record Mr. Specht's piano-player goes crazy through "Who's That Pretty Baby?" and then the banjo man steps up and chases him right off the disc. It's dilly. Vincent Lopex on Apex is a surprise. He experiments with a fox trot composed of airs from "Pinafore." It's good, too.

—STEPHEN MOON.

* * *

Books

(Continued from page 24)

deep voice from a storm-wracked cliff. Our impressions are less of the message of "The Iron Door" than our wonder that this sonorous music did not burst the beautiful format which Mac-Millans have given this truly significant work.

* * *

STUDENTS of French literature will be interested in the textbook recently issued by the University Tutorial Press entitled "Outlines of French Literature," with chapters on the history of France. It is not in any sense a primer, but will be informative to the advanced student.

—ALDEN DANIELS.

GALLIONS REACH. By H. M. Tomlinson. Toronto: Mussons. \$2.00.

HERE is a first novel of exquisite technique, written by a man who can make words jump through hoops. Tomlinson's "Tidemarks" and "The Sea and the Jungle" are already well-known, assuring his place as one of the modern masters of the written phrase, but "Gallions Reach" is his first venture into the novel form. It is, definitely, one of the great books of the year and consolidates his position as one of the foremost English prose writers of the day. All the shrewdness of observation, all the wealth of background, all the felicity of phrasing that so richly characterize his books of travel are contained in this book on a framework of plot that has its moments of unwavering suspense and its characterizations of absorbing interest. Technically, "Gallions Reach" is well-nigh perfect; therein lies its defect, if defect it may be called. The sentences are so polished, the situations handled with such restraint

(Continued on page 28)

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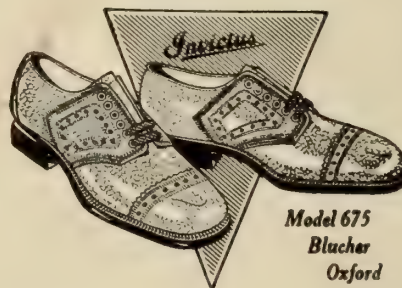
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Books

(Continued from page 26)

that one occasionally wishes that the author would let himself go, plunge into the centre of things with a little more gusto. But if you like good writing, don't miss it. Tomlinson has frequently drawn comparison with Conrad, largely because of his choice background, but there, I opine, the analogy ends; his style is distinctly his own and although he has not the genius of the great Pole he has his own niche as a writer of extraordinary skill. What he lacks is power—power in the sense that Conrad was able to give an ineradicable impression of deep and brooding strength to everything he wrote. Tomlinson is finished and brilliant—but perhaps his greatest work is yet to come. As it stands, "Gallions Reach," the tale of a London clerk who slew his master and found his soul in the Malay jungle after perilous adventures on sea and on land, is a novel of distinction, beautifully written, well contrived—and that is more than one can say for nine-tenths of the current welter. In it there is even whimsy. For instance: "A bird was fluting in the garden. Tying to remember a morning song. . . . That reminiscent bird had not yet got the tune right, but he kept at it on his lonesome, a meditative and conscientious little fellow. Quietly trying it over before anyone was about, to be ready for the sun." You will find delicious passages like that here and there in a book that gives you the very smell of the London docks, the terrible majesty of the ocean in storm and the gruesome unreality of the foetid jungle—a book of enormous range and great excellence.

—L.M.

Reminder

I do not care for homely maids,
I do not like to see their faces,
Nor carry bundles after them,
Nor dine with them at places.

I simply do not care for them,
For she was such a one I knew
(An absolutely homely maid)
Who broke my heart in two.

—RON EVERSON.



"Dew Dew Dewy Day"

and

"Oh, Doris! Where Do You Live?"

Fox Trots with Vocal Choruses
by Ben Selvin and His Orchestra 3610

"WHO-OO? YOU-OO! THAT'S WHO"

"Who Was the Lady?"

Fox Trots with Vocal Effects,
Bernie Cummins and His Orchestra 3625

"CHEERIE-BERRIE-BE"

"I Could Waltz on Forever"

Waltzes with Vocal Choruses,
Ben Selvin and His Orchestra 3634

"THE HULA BLUES"

"Don't Play Aloha Oe When I Go"

Hawaiian Instrumentals with Vocal
Chorus. The Royal Hawaiians 3620

"JUST ANOTHER DAY WASTED AWAY"

"I May Learn to Forget Some Day"

Tenor Solos with Piano Accompaniment, Prince Piotti 3624

75c at All Brunswick Dealers

Brunswick

PANATROPES RECORDS

Scanning the Filmament

(Continued from page 23)

a pretty, preposterous yarn, helped miles along its well defined road by Dorothy Mackail. Neither the camera nor my eyes find either of these two young ladies hard to take.

One thing about "The American Beauty" you'll find out what a food-checker is. I never knew, but it seems it's the girl who—oh, I don't want to spoil your fun. Find out for yourself.

* * *

IN "Underworld" George Bancroft, Clive Brooks—he's that nice wistful man, you know—no! not Percy Marmont, the other one—Evelyn Brent and Larry Seamon (in his first straight part) do some good work in a morally uplifting picture depicting machine gun warfare and self-sacrificing love among the Chicago crooks. It is a thoroughly outlandish yarn by Ben Hecht that is nevertheless grand entertainment.

* * *

ONE of the largest errors of my life was going to see something called "The Magic Flame." Here is high and mighty hooley. If you're anxious to get the sensation of seeing it (I warn you it's something like sea-sickness), get photos of Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, sit before them and think of any cock-eyed tale you want that starts in a circus—precious Arcady of true love—it goes to Illyria (a stone's throw from Graustark) and involves the resemblance of a clown to a dissolute king—and you've got it. Feel sick? Better rest a bit.

CARROLL CARROLL.

* * *

Way 'Round

"The world is round, isn't it?"

"Righto."

"Then if I wanted to go east, I could eventually get there going west."

"What are you, a taxi driver?"

—Hamilton Royal Gaboon.

* * *

Rubbing It in

"... by the Holy Mount Choir.

"Rev. Joseph Thompson of Marlow then delivered a splendid massage that was greatly enjoyed by all present."

—Coshocton (Ohio) Tribune.

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Free Speech

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\$5.00 Prize-Winning Letter

Box 316,
Niagara-on-the-Lake,
Ontario,
September 15th, 1927

The Editor,
Goblins, Limited,
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

I have followed your "Free Speech" column with keen interest, and cannot determine yet whether your magazine has been raised or fallen down by the criticism offered you, so freely too. Especially was I interested in the letter of H. J. Parker, which appeared in the August issue, under the caption "Punk." The best part of this letter appears to be the P.S. of Mrs. H. J. P., wherein the lady states, "I heartily endorse this letter. It is absolutely punk," a grand finale to something "punk," because while Mr. Parker forwards lots of criticism to you there is nothing helpful or constructive, and constructive criticism is the only criticism any one can take notice of, or profit by.

Have you ever noticed the fact that people who attend vaudeville shows will belittle one of the acts and say it is rotten, without any specific reason, yet that person could not take the act's place for a million dollars, and the act is doing its darndest to make this person, with others, happy and gay for a wee while. Why take notice of a few when the mass is satisfied?

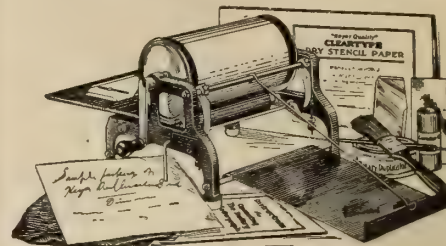
In regards to the mention of "money back," Shakespeare's prologue to King Henry the Eighth fits in: "Such as give their money out of hope they may believe, may here find truth too."

I derive much pleasure from GOBLIN, and find nothing low in its jokes, and I appreciate the fact that the magazine is doing its utmost to present to the Canadian people a real Canadian humorous publication, to enable us to be able to read our own comics instead of foreign ones, which have to date invaded the country, incidentally keeping our money in Canada, and foreign comics cannot even reach our ground of common thought and impulse. Your average critic is not a traveller; travelling widens one's mind too much. Anyone with a good general knowledge of affairs does not criticise any party or parties trying to make headway in a legitimate business, but will give advice, good, sane advice if his knowledge is superior in that line of endeavour, thinking of the Golden Rule and along lines of constructive co-operation. People point to our great neighbour to the south of us and say, "They do this, or they do that," in a certain way; and we, a younger, smaller-populated country can learn things to our benefit by any mistakes they make, and built up a solid construction, helping each other to build in his particular line of endeavour, always figuring that at some future date we or our children will benefit by the present-day co-operation to the glory of our country.

(Continued on page 34)

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SAVE MONEY
SAVE YOURSELF*

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*Every day two full pages
of Sport News appear
in The Globe. \$5.00 by
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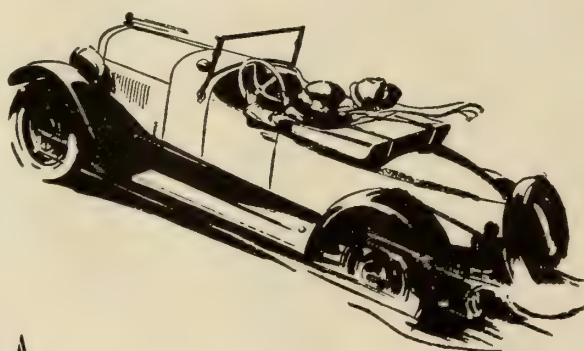
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Three minutes to go . . . Score six
all Third down
"Signal" . . . A long, high punt
to the dead line . . . And ten
thousand people wildly cheer the
winning team. Get the complete
story of the game in

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AN Essex Speedabout to some college artist



ATRIM, new Essex Speedabout with a special paint job, and seventy-five other prizes by Eugene Dietzgen Company will be awarded by COLLEGE HUMOR to the college artists submitting the best original drawings before January 15, 1928.

Drawings may be done in any medium in black and white. Several drawings may be submitted if return postage accompanies each drawing.

Three famous artists, James Montgomery Flagg, Gaar Williams and Arthur William Brown, will judge the drawings. In case of a tie two Essex cars will be awarded. Other drawings, if accepted, will be paid for at regular rates.

See the new Essex Speedabout you may win at

Hudson-Essex Showrooms

For complete details see a copy of COLLEGE HUMOR now on sale on the news-stands. Drawings should be sent immediately to the Art Contest Editor

CollegeHumor

1050 N. LA SALLE ST
CHICAGO, ILL

Gripes and Groans

A GOOD lawyer may not be a magician but he can frequently make a fat fee off a lien.

* * *

DISARMAMENT isn't really an international question, but rather a "broad" problem. Many a highway smash-up might be averted if couples would come to a disarmament agreement.

* * *

FREQUENTLY horse play turns into Colt play. Example, Chicago any normal day.

* * *

AND now we hear rough necker instead of rough neck.

* * *

A HARDWARE store in Republic, Mo., goes under the name "Owen and Short." We venture they're not the only firm in that shape.

* * *

SOME men have a good nose for news while others have necks which are good for the noose too.

* * *

STATISTICS at Denison show that the men's feet are getting smaller and that the co-eds' feet are becoming larger. It begins to look as if the county roads are tough on the feet.

* * *

OUR prize jewel is the frosh who wouldn't join a fraternity because he didn't wish to get mixed up in that "Fraternity Row" he had heard of.

* * *

A COMEDIAN in Broadway's "Hit the Deck" said he had only two teeth, but he thanked God they met. Some of my acquaintances are thankful that their legs, and not their heads, are bowed.

* * *

MARRIAGE is a singular thing. A few words in church, and presto—you are married. Then a few words in your sleep, and presto—you are divorced.

* * *

MANY a golfer addresses his ball after it has started his usual slice or hook.

—Flamingo:

* * *

Barber: "Will you have anything on your face when I'm finished?"

Customer: "Well, it doesn't seem likely."

—Vagabond.

Potage Canadien

(Continued from page 13)

"Morning Moan" speaking, and we were just wondering if you wouldn't like us to put your advertisement in to-morrow's paper. You know we get all the most desirable type," and so on, *ad infinitum*, or *ad nauseam*, according to your disposition. Our agents inform us that a girl who is a really good sympathizer can make excellent money in this new and pleasing vocation.

The interesting question arises: Do the newspapers themselves advertise for their telephonic sales helpers, and if so, do they call each other up soliciting these advertisements? Echo answers, do they?

—J. E. MCD.

* * *

Another Book

WITCH WOOD. By John Buchan.
Toronto, The Musson Book Co.,
Ltd. \$2.00.

AS is probably well known, John Buchan writes two dissimilar types of novel: the secret-service-adventure type and the historical novel. For the protection of the reading public the publishers should arrange some distinguishing feature. I would suggest binding in different colors.

"Witch Wood" is one of his historical novels. I am sure many of his readers, like myself, feel cheated, when, after thinking they have selected a good adventure tale, they find such a book as "Witch Wood."

Scene: Woodilee, a country parish in the Scottish Lowlands. Theme: Fight waged by David Semple, minister of Woodilee, against a survival of ancient pagan worship. Time: 1664.

There you have it in a nutshell! Too remote to touch modern sympathies, too unreal to stimulate the imagination. Dour, a wheen of Covenanting argumentations, it rambles on for 350 pages.

* * *

Boo!

Hartford (Conn.) Courant—
It is expected that hundreds of Terryville rotters will be present at the basketball game Friday. Town rivalry carried too far.

"What a Future for College Men!"



"THERE she is, John—
Canada—the land of opportunity for young men; which our grandsons, now at college, are going to develop into one of the greatest nations on the globe.

And when striving for perfection in things, they have an outstanding example in the excellence of our favourite tobacco—

OLD CHUM

"The TOBACCO of QUALITY"



Kraft
is just
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Varieties:

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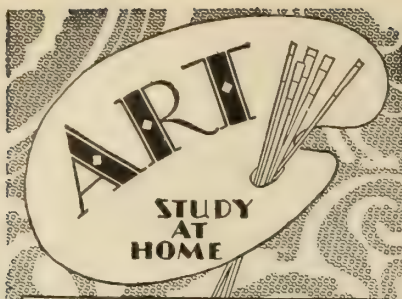
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Write today for the new illustrated catalogue describing the Art Courses of the International School of Art. These courses are complete and practical and they have been the means of helping many men and women to achieve outstanding success as illustrators, cartoonists, commercial artists, and designers.

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This is a REAL razor that gives you a REAL shave. The same construction as the \$1.50 Durham-Duplex models—without the case. If your dealer cannot supply this attractive razor send the coupon now and we will mail one to you.

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I enclose 25c for a genuine Durham-Duplex Razor with one detachable blade.

I prefer the Safe Type ☐ The Safety Type ☐

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Free Speech

(Continued from page 30)

You do not have to follow and copy the ideas of other humorous papers, some of which travel in a time-worn groove, but stay with your own ideas, initiative and determination, featuring the new humorous thoughts of the present day. An inventor does not think of what was, but what will be, when his ideas will become workable. So with a magazine—stay with your own and put it over—you must win out—and feature it as the Canadian humorous paper for a growing Canadian nation, in satisfying the majority now. The minority can be determined later to their satisfaction.

Goblin magazine is O.K. and for a youngster in the literary world is 100 per cent.

Yours for a steadily increased distribution.

CHAS. C. WINMILL.

A Slight Objection

[Central Alberta Sanitarium,
Calgary, Alta.
September 10th, 1927.

The Editor of the GOBLIN,
Toronto.

Dear Sir:

I am writing to tell you that I don't want any more copies of the GOBLIN, not even as a gift.

If you have an idea that you can keep on mailing them to me and then collect later on, you might as well dish it. I am a patient here and have no money. You can't get anything from me by taking legal action and you can't put me in jail, so you see the futility of trying to exploit me to your advantage.

Your magazine is rotten. The jokes, so-called, are putrid. A better name for such a rag would be "Bilge."

If such a publication was ever connected with any university in Toronto, then I have my opinion of the Ontario universities and it is not even fit to express on paper.

To conclude: I wish to state again and most emphatically: I don't want any more copies of GOBLIN.

ROBIE ROSCOE.

Seven Kisses and Hugs

Backwoods,
September 7th, 1920.

Dear Editor:

I am little Doris' teacher. She is seven (7) years old, and wants to write and tell you how much she likes the GOBLIN. I enclose her letter.

Yours lovingly,

CLEOPATRA.

P.S.—Doris is 7 years old.

Backwoods,
September 21st.

My dear Editor:

I am seven years old yesterday. I hate the GOBLIN. It has not "got" me yet, but teacher says it will if I am not good. I want to be good. Don't forget I am seven years old.

Here are seven kisses and hugs for you.

Your little friend,

DORIS.

Backwoods,
September 1st,

I wish to swear that the above was written by my little daughter Doris, at the age of seven by herself.

JOSH KING.

(Continued on page 40)



You, too, will welcome that relief which allows a longer day of pleasure or a lighter day of work.

By applying Absorbine, Jr. to varicose or swollen veins, that disturbing or distressing ache or soreness quickly disappears. The frequent use of this soothing, pain-stopping antiseptic liniment has also restored to the skin of many sufferers its former smoothness.

You will like Absorbine, Jr. It possesses an agreeable odor, and is easy and clean to use. In the medicine cabinet it soon becomes a first aid in a hundred different ways.

At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid.
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.

205 Lyman Bldg.,
Montreal.



Other timely uses:
Cuts Rheumatic aches
Strains and pains
Bruises Children's burns

Baby's Own Soap

Best for
You and
Baby too



AUTO SICKNESS

Journey by Sea, Train, Auto or Air in health and comfort. Mothersill's promptly ends the faintness and nausea of Travel Sickness. 34 75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.

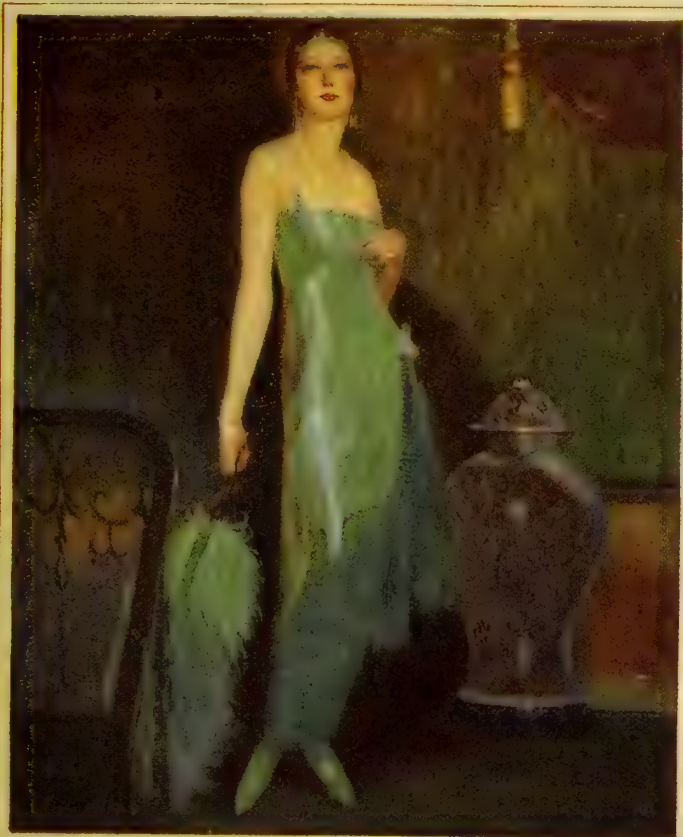
New York
Paris

Montreal
London

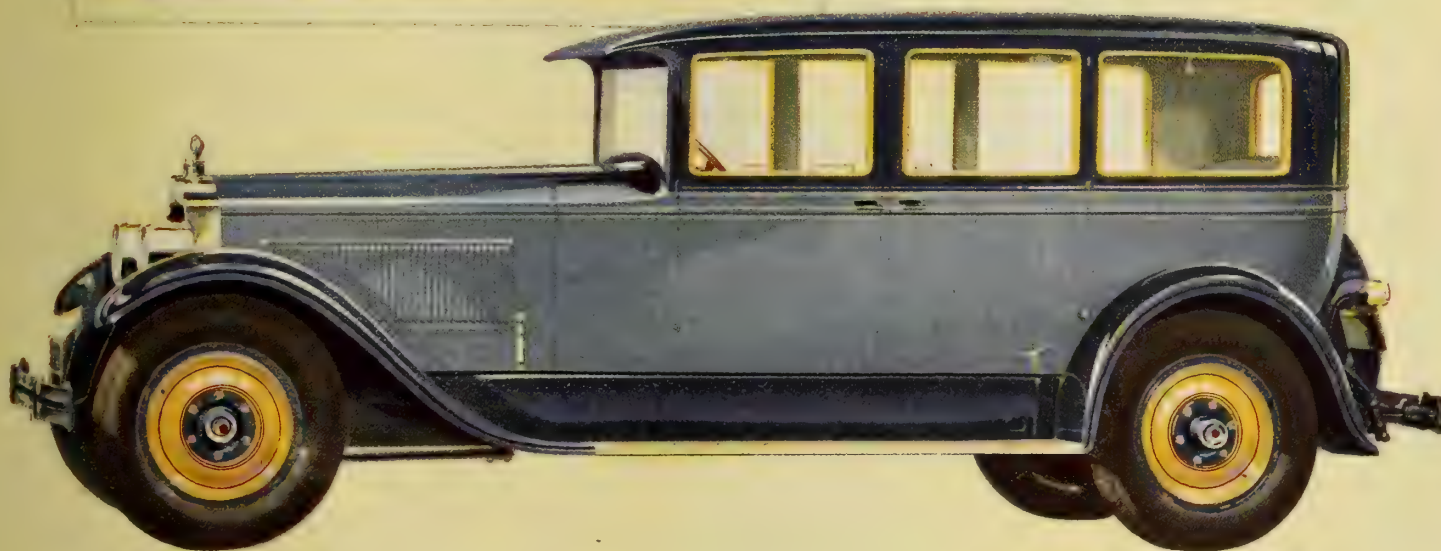


25 Years

In Use



WIN A PACKARD CAR FREE!



K NOW—the sense of power and luxurious comfort of the new, improved Packard; don't have to "Ask the Man Who Owns One." Own one yourself, for you may win, free, by complying with the simple rules outlined upon the following two pages, any model of the Packard Car priced at \$3,450.00.

The graceful proportions and distinguished simplicity of Packard design command universal admiration. Its

aristocratic beauty is in keeping with its unrivaled mechanical performance.

This is Goblin Magazine's Second Great Puzzle Contest. Here is your opportunity to test most enjoyably your accuracy and at the same time win the major prize in this greatest contest ever staged by any magazine in Canada. Now turn over to the next two pages and read the Big Prize List which will be awarded by this magazine.

Win this Packard

99 Big Prizes

will be awarded for
in GOBLIN'S Great

OVER \$6,000.00 IN PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE—Total value, \$3,750.

\$3,450 Packard Sedan, or any other model in same price class, if desired, plus \$300.00 cash, extra, at the rate of \$10.00 for every dollar sent in up to \$30.00. Not more than \$30.00 in subscriptions can be applied to one answer. A contestant must send in not less than \$5.00 worth of subscriptions to qualify for this prize.

FIRST PRIZE—(If the contestant does not qualify as above.) Total value, \$1,105.

Chrysler Sedan, plus \$40.00 extra, at rate of \$10.00 for every dollar sent in up to and including \$4.00. The minimum subscription to qualify for this prize is \$3.00. If a contestant sends in five dollars, he qualifies for the Packard car.

FIRST PRIZE—(If the contestant does not qualify as above.) Total value, \$870.00.

Chevrolet Coach, plus bonus of \$20.00 cash. This is the first prize if winner sends in only \$2.00 subscription.

SECOND PRIZE—Total value, \$1,030.

Chevrolet Coach, plus \$180.00 cash extra, at the rate of \$6.00 for every dollar sent in up to \$30.00. To qualify, a contestant must send in not less than \$3.00 in subscriptions.



SECOND PRIZE—Chevrolet Sedan valued at \$850.00. Quality in design! Quality in construction. Quality in appearance and performance! All to an amazing degree! Long, low, sweeping lines—a car of marvelous smartness, also cash bonus noted under prize list.

SECOND PRIZE—(If the contestant does not qualify as above.) Total value, \$512.00.

\$500 cash, plus \$12.00 extra. This is the second prize if contestant sends in only \$2.00 worth of subscriptions. If he sends in \$3.00 or more, he qualifies for the \$1,030 second prize.

THIRD PRIZE—Total value, \$350.00.

\$200.00 cash, plus \$150.00 cash extra at the rate of \$5.00 for every dollar sent in up to \$30.00.

FOURTH PRIZE—Total value, \$190.00.

\$100.00 cash, plus \$90.00 cash extra, at the rate of \$3.00 for every dollar sent in up to \$30.00.

FIFTH PRIZE—Total value, \$110.

\$50.00 cash, plus \$60.00 cash extra, at the rate of \$2.00 for every dollar sent in up to \$30.00.

SIXTH TO TENTH PRIZES—Cash of \$20.00 each.

ELEVENTH TO TWENTY-FIFTH PRIZES—Cash of \$10.00 each.

TWENTY-SIXTH TO FIFTIETH PRIZES—Cash of \$5.00 each.

FIFTY-FIRST TO NINETY-NINTH PRIZES—One-year subscription to Goblin.



THE PROBLEM

The problem is to add together all the numbers shown above. Each figure is clearly indicated, and they run from two to nine; the sixes have a curved stem; the nines a straight stem; all are single numbers, there are no combinations; add them as if each figure stood one above the other in a single column.

CORRECT ANSWER UNKNOWN

To guarantee to everyone taking part in this contest that no one holds the correct answer to the puzzle, several figures were erased after the original drawing was made and before the puzzle form was printed. These figures were removed by Messrs. Perry J. Giffen, Toronto Star Weekly, Edgar J. Guy, Vancouver Province, and T. B. Godfrey, Chartered Accountant, who have kindly consented to act as judges of the contest. The figures were removed from the chart at different times, and the judges hold the total of the numbers which they erased. No one knows what numbers were erased. Notes of the missing numbers were made and are now under lock and seal. When the contest is over, the numbers erased from the puzzle chart will be added together and subtracted from the original total. The contest department knew the correct answer before the figures were taken out, but now nobody knows the correct answer. The answer now will be the sum total of the figures appearing in the puzzle chart above.

There are no tricks to this contest. It is merely a matter of skill in finding all the numbers shown and then adding correctly. We wish it clearly understood that there are no hidden figures. Every number can be plainly seen. We would suggest cutting the puzzle in dozens of pieces and then checking off the figures from the small clippings. Everyone, except employees of Goblin and former prize-winners of one hundred dollars or more and their families, is entitled to enter the contest. The degree of your care and skill will determine the prize which you will win.

The ONLY requirements for entry to contest are those listed here. You will note their extreme simplicity, and careful reading now will avoid any possible confusion later.

GOBLIN—THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

Your newsdealer will tell you that he sells more Goblin Magazines every month than any other magazine published in Canada. The reason is obvious. Goblin is the liveliest, most original and entertaining magazine in Canada. In its pages are found the brightest cartoons, the drollest witticisms, the most sparkling verse and the smartest writings of Canadians in every province. Goblin humour is Canadian humour at its best, rollicking and rib-tickling, a favourite of all the family. Here is your opportunity to purchase, at the regular subscription price, the best of Canadian fun and at the same time, if you are accurate, win one of the major

prizes, absolutely without cost.

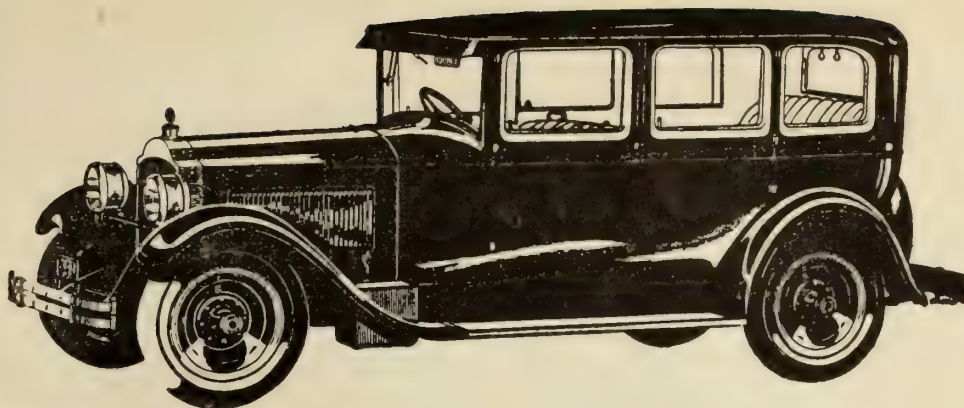
This is Goblin's Second Great Puzzle Contest. So great was the popularity of the first, that we are this time greatly increasing both the number of prizes and their value.

A Chrysler Sedan, the first prize in Goblin's last contest, was won by the Rev. A. W. Guild, Hamilton, and was presented to him by Mayor Treleven at the City Hall, Hamilton.

In a few weeks someone will be mighty proud to sit behind the wheel of this powerful, superbly beautiful and exquisitely appointed Packard Car. Will it be you? You, alone, must decide!

Free!

skill and accuracy Puzzle Contest



GENERAL RULES

- (1) Contest is open to everyone except (a) employees of Goblin and their immediate families; (b) prize-winners in the last contest who won more than \$100.
- (2) To enter contest it is necessary to enclose at least \$2.00 for an eight months' subscription to Goblin Magazine. See Prize List found elsewhere in this advertisement and note how the value of your prize is increased by sending in a full year's subscription to Goblin and subscriptions from your friends.
- (3) A contestant can solicit friends for subscriptions and for such subscriptions he or she will be entitled to submit solutions to the puzzle; also those who subscribe through a contestant may submit solutions to the puzzle. Get your friends to help you get subscriptions.
- (4) All solutions must be accompanied by a cash subscription, otherwise they will not be accepted. All solutions are recorded and cannot be changed once they are received at the contest office.

FIRST PRIZE—This or any other model Packard Car, of value of \$3,450. Visualize yourself behind the steering wheel of this magnificently appointed car, famous for its year-in and year-out untiring performance, for its ease of handling, its unlimited power and its distinctive beauty. Surely here is a prize worth working for, and best of all, the work is the best of fun. Don't rely upon your memory, read the instructions and begin NOW! Someone will win this car. You, alone, must decide whether in a few weeks this Packard will be YOURS. Also cash bonus noted under prize list.

accuracy in addition and subtraction. Only those tying will be permitted to solve the second puzzle. Should more than one person submit the correct solution to the second puzzle, the prizes will be equally divided among those tying. No cash remittance will be accepted upon a second puzzle.

(12) Solutions to the contest must be in the Goblin office not later than midnight, November 26th, 1927, but contestants are advised to send in their answers as soon as possible. Special bonuses, which will be noted elsewhere in this advertisement, are offered for early solutions.

(13) In entering the contest, contestants agree to abide by the rules of the contest and to accept the decision of the judges as final. The Goblin Magazine reserves the right to amend or add to the rules of this contest, if necessary, for the protection of the interests of both the contestants and Goblin Magazine. The right is also reserved to refund subscriptions and to disqualify any contestants whom the judges, the contestants' representatives, deem undesirable.

SPECIAL BONUS PRIZES

\$50.00 in cash will be given to the candidate sending in the first correct or nearest correct answer to the puzzle, received in the Goblin Contest Office between noon, October 29th, and noon, November 12th, 1927.

Further prizes of \$25.00, \$15.00 and \$10.00 will be awarded those contestants securing the second, third and fourth nearest solutions by this date.

A contestant winning a Special Bonus Prize will not be barred from winning one of the regular prizes. Special Bonus Prize winners will be announced along with the regular winners.

A Child Brain Developer

Parents: Encourage your children to try the puzzle. Every bright boy or girl will be delighted to work out the problem. As a brain developer it cannot be beaten. Parents may help the children work out the problem. Young and old will find it a pleasant and profitable pastime.



FIRST PRIZE—Chrysler Sedan valued at \$1,065. Here is a car that gives an ease and luxury of driving and riding that makes motoring take on a new meaning. Has a pick-up from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 8 seconds. Supremely beautiful and ultra-smart in its air of distinction and correctness of grooming, also cash bonus noted under prize list.

(5) It is not necessary for a contestant to send in the entire amount of subscription money at any one time. Accurate records are kept and every time a contestant makes a remittance, the amount will be added to the previous amount which a contestant has to his credit.

(6) Contestants can send in a different answer to the puzzle each time they make a remittance, but not more than one prize and bonus will be paid to one family living at one/home address.

(7) Extra puzzle forms may be obtained free by writing to the Contest Department.

(8) All money orders, cheques or postal notes must be made payable to Goblin Magazine; acknowledgements will be made immediately upon receipt of solutions.

(9) Every figure in the picture is complete. If in doubt about any of the figures, send in the chart with a figure marked, to the Contest Department, which will gladly tell you what it is.

(10) If the correct answer is not sent in by any contestant, the prizes will be awarded for the nearest correct solution.

(11) In the event of a tie, a second puzzle will be mailed. This puzzle will be a problem requiring

1 B

SOLUTION BLANK TO BE USED BY CONTESTANTS

This blank must be used when sending subscriptions and solutions.

MY ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM IS.....

Gentlemen: Kindly enroll my name as a contestant in your puzzle contest. I am enclosing herewith the

sum of \$..... which kindly place to my credit, both as entrance fee to the contest and as a paid-up subscription to Goblin for the following party or parties:

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE LIST

\$2.00... 8 Months. \$7.00... 3 Years.
3.00... 1 Year. 9.00... 4 Years.
5.00... 2 Years. 10.00... 5 Years.

Mark "X" opposite name to indicate whether a new subscription or a renewal.

SUBSCRIBER'S NAME

ADDRESS

AMOUNT

New
Sub.

Old
Sub.

Is this your first solution to the puzzle?..... How much money have you sent in to
(Yes or No)

date?..... If this solution wins a prize, send it to

(Name and address to be printed)

NOTE—Please answer all questions on this form.

The Contest Department, Goblin Magazine, 170 Bay St., Toronto 2, Ont.

NOTE.—If your subscription was sent in by another contestant you must put his or her name below:

Name.....

City or Town..... Province.....

America's Finest Club Hotels



In Detroit

—ten minutes from all depots. Webster Hall is in the true cultural centre, at Cass Avenue and Putman, just across from the beautiful Public Library and the new Art Institute. Bus lines pass the door; main car line one block away.



In Pittsburgh

—just opened, this Webster Hall in the famous Schenley Park district, at Fifth Avenue and Dithridge. Nine minutes from downtown. Within a radius of four blocks are the University of Pittsburgh, Forbes Field, Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh Athletic Club and Masonic Temple.

WEBSTER HALL

Exclusively for Men

Recreational Facilities of the Finest Athletic Clubs

Privileges of the swimming pool, gymnasium, handball courts, lounges, card and billiard rooms—all included in rentals no higher than the cost of "just a room" elsewhere! Make Webster Hall your next stop—in Detroit—in Pittsburgh. Here's royal living—and most economical.

**RATES AS LOW AS \$2 PER DAY
SPECIAL WEEKLY RATES**

No Tipping

THE WEBSTER HALL
CORPORATION OF
AMERICA

PETER A. MILLER, PRESIDENT



Sonnets to a Shoplifter

XIX



ND now you are in jail, O best beloved!
I think the day will never bloom again
With all the old, rare sweetness; far
removed

Out of my life is sense of aught but pain:
The world is sweet with spring's

awakening smile,

From sudden beds of green shy violets peep,
The redbreast builds again—yet the Bastille
Shuts you from all within its iron keep.

Ah! would you were a man, and labouring
Upon the highway through these months so long,
Still might be gladdened with the airs of spring,
The breath of flowers, the lark's high-thrilling song;
But—woe is me!—you sew at sock and shirt
With bird nor flower to cheer your aching heart.

XX

Dear one, great heart and brave had I to rhyme
"Bastille" with "smile"; yet by thy love upborne,
I would not shrink from many a darker crime,
And all man's mightiest cannons laugh to scorn
Would it but cheer thy heart. Yea, Wordsworth-like
"Culling" with "sullen" would I join, or even,
Strong in my love, chain poesy to the stake
And leave the above to flaunt the face of Heaven.
In cockney impudence—oh! with thy gaze
Warming my heart—I should not fear to soar
To heights undreamed—far through the dying rays
Of the long sunsets—till for me no more
Man lived, or grammar—on my high quest bent,
Winged with thy love, so far I should have went!

—JOSEPH C. SCHULL.

* * *

Little Things That Make Life Miserable

TINY orchid statements from my wife's modiste . . .
narrow bridges . . . splinters in the wool of my
trousers . . . half-cooked restaurant potatoes . . .
tabloid newspapers . . . rented bathing suits . . .
dotted lines prepared for my signature . . . ants at
the picnic . . . wedding invitations . . . poker debts
. . . tags on tag days . . . apartment pianos . . .
tacks in the road . . . mistakes in my income tax
report . . . time-tables . . . guest beds . . . chance
meetings with persons who know my name and seem
to think that I should know theirs . . . theatre
tickets in one of my other suits . . . the lost receipts
for bills that I have paid . . . unpaid bills that stare
me in the face . . . snatches from popular songs that
I can trace directly to the operas . . . the brief talks
I am called upon unexpectedly to make . . . other
talks to which I am forced to listen . . . asparagus
tips . . . budding mustaches . . . the old letters
which are tied with a pink ribbon and read to me
occasionally by my wife . . . promises I make and
forget . . . promises I make and remember . . .
ultra-intellectual infants . . . the good stories that
always slip my mind!

—C. WARDEN LA ROE.

WRITERS

IN

VANITY FAIR

Sherwood Anderson
Robert Benchley
Heywood Brown
Clarence Darrow
Theodore Dreiser
Corey Ford
Maximilian Harden
Aldous Huxley
Walter Lippmann
W. O. McGeehan
Ferenc Molnár
Paul Morand
George Jean Nathan
Arthur Schnitzler
Deems Taylor
Jim Tully
Carl Van Vechten
Rebecca West
Alexander Woollcott



ARTISTS

IN

VANITY FAIR

Ralph Barton
George Belcher
Edouard Benito
Pamela Bianco
William Bolin
Miguel Covarrubias
Warren Davis
Adolph Dehn
Hunt Diederich
Laurence Fellows
Rackwell Kent
Frederic Lebrun
Georges Lepape
Frans Masereel
Alan Odle
Henry Raleigh
Charles Sheeler
Edward Steichen
Leon Underwood

Are they wild to dance with you?

Do you know the newest steps . . . and the famous stars who step them? . . . the correct thing to wear and just how to wear it? . . . the cleverest between-dance chat about writers, music, golf, motor cars, drama, art?

Are you, in short, one of the "somebodies" of your crowd? Or does your hostess have to explain why you're there?

Vanity Fair will keep you up on the latest dancing, the newest music, the smartest night clubs, the last event in all the arts, sport, literature . . . and everything else that differentiates the cultivated person from the uninformed nobody.

EVERY ISSUE CONTAINS

Theatres: Stars in their ascendant, comedy in its glory. The season's successes, and why. Special photographs.

Night Life: Whatever is new among the crowd who regard dawn as something to come home in.

Fashions: The mode for men who consider it self-respecting to be well-groomed. Current college preferences.

Letters: New essayists and satirists. Brilliant fooling. Lions photographed with their manes.

Sports: News of racquet and putter, turf and track. By those who lead the field.

Motor Cars: Speed, safety, smartness, as last conceived in Europe and America. Salons and shows. Many pictures.

Movies: Hollywood's high lights. The art of the movies—if any. And photographs—ah-h!

Bridge: The chill science in its ultimate refinements. How to get that last trick. All the experts writing.

Music: Classical, cacophone, saxophone. Personalities and notonities. Critiques. Photographs.

Art: New schools and how to rate them. Sound work and how to appreciate it. Exhibits and masterpieces.

World Affairs: The field of politics, foreign and domestic. Intimate sketches of pilots of various Ships of State.

Golf: Taken seriously by experts. Bernard Darwin, regularly. How to break ninety. With photographs.

Just sign the coupon NOW . . . and send a dollar bill along to keep it company!

Special Offer!

**5 issues of
Vanity Fair \$1**

Open to new subscribers only

Single copy price 35c. Regular yearly subscription rate \$3.50

VANITY FAIR—Graybar Bldg., New York City

The price of mastery, of adoration, only \$1? Why didn't you tell me before? Here it is. Start the five coming.

Name

Address.....

City.....State.....



Famous Beauties

and Society Leaders the World over secure that bewitching, attractive touch to their complexion thru

**GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL
CREAM**

Made in White - Flesh - Rachel

In use over 85 years

Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, Montreal

ORIGINALS

MANY of the original Artists' sketches which have appeared in GOBLIN are available, the prices ranging from \$5.00 up. They make excellent decorations for office, club-room or study. For particulars regarding any drawing address—

The Editor:

GOBLIN

170 Bay Street

Toronto 2

Learn Cartooning

AT HOME—IN YOUR SPARE TIME from the school that has trained scores of to-day's successful cartoonists who earn from \$50 to \$200 and more a week. The Landon Picture Chart Method of teaching makes original drawing easy to learn. Send 6c in stamps for full information and chart to test your ability. Also state age.

THE LANDON SCHOOL
1433 National Bldg.



Cleveland, O.

How to Obtain A Perfect Looking Nose



My Latest Improved Model 25 corrects now ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only nose-shaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect-looking nose. Write for free booklet which tells you how to obtain a perfect-looking nose. M. Trilety, Pioneer Nose-Shaping Specialist, Dept. 2917, Binghamton, N.Y.

Free Speech

(Continued from page 34)

"A Little Nonsense Now and Then"

R.R. 4, Spencerville, Ont.
October 8, 1927.

Editor of the GOBLIN Magazine,
170 Bay Street, Toronto 2.

Dear Sir:—I want to tell you how much I enjoy the GOBLIN magazine. I like the cartoons by Dinsmore, Dick Taylor, Ross Fisher, Ricardo and others. Every issue contains plenty of good, clean humour. A joke that is not smutty but has to depend on its wit to put it over must be good.

"The Yarns of Hell's Bells O'Neil" are particularly good. If these were published in an American magazine they would be prefaced, "James Warner Bellah writes of the Flying Corps as Kipling wrote of the British Tommy." I also enjoy the "GOBLIN's Corner" and "Potage Canadien," although your views and mine do not always agree—but we are both human and liable to mistaken opinions.

In these days when we are stepped to the eyebrows in so-called "American literature," the GOBLIN magazine should be well received. If we Canadians are to retain our individuality as a people we should read more of the writings that touch on our own national life. The lives of Sir John A. MacDonald, Laurier, Tupper and Borden should be more familiar to us than those of such men as Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Harding, estimable as these men may be.

While a magazine like GOBLIN does not contain writings of the more serious nature, it certainly has its place as an advocate of all things Canadian. And then—"a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

Yours for the future of your magazine,
MRS. J. ELMER WRIGHT.

Put on the Initials!

Peterborough, Ont.,
October 3, 1927.

GOBLIN Magazine,
Toronto, Can.,
Contest Dept.

Dear Sirs:—May I have a half dozen or so extra puzzle forms?

I was successful in the initial part of your last contest, but my "education in art" has evidently been neglected as I got nowhere in judging the cartoons. But this mathematical problem is another story.

Might I suggest that you have the initials "J.R.T." engraved on the doors of that Packard at once? Who spoke from the rear of the room, please?

But, all joking aside, gentlemen, I am sincere in wishing you even greater success in this contest than you attained in the last.

And might I venture to congratulate you in making the second puzzle here (in the event that one finds the correct solution to the one already published) a contest of skill, where one may check his own solution, and not a matter of pure guess-work, as was the second puzzle in your previous contest. And this remark is not offered in any spirit of censure, I assure you. Let us, rather, call it "constructive criticism" offered by one who is absolutely sincere in wishing success to what he considers to be the finest humorous magazine published on the American continent.

Yours respectfully,

J. ROSS THORNTON.

Parry and Thrust

46 Hillside Street,
Belleville, Ont.,
Oct. 8th, 1927.

The Editor,
GOBLIN Magazine,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:

The writer of the prize-winning letter in your October issue is sure that I must be English because of my implied admiration for "Punch." I'd like to correct this, because I can readily understand that a great many of your readers would be inclined to think that an Englishman's criticism could hardly be regarded as typically Canadian. They might expect such a one to favour his own country's particular kind of humour. So I hasten to assure the writer that I am a Canadian of the third generation, born and bred in this country, nurtured in Toronto's schools and university. However, I do plead guilty (if it is an offence) to a profound admiration for most things British: because, I think, they know how to do things properly over there, they love truth and sincerity, and hate humbug, hypocrisy and sloppiness in anything. I like English humour because it is kindly and sympathetic, it laughs with and not at people, whereas similar writings on this side of the Atlantic are full of such expressions as poor boob, poor fish, cake-eater, necker, and all the rest of the smart-aleck phraseology that is calculated to induce guffaws of self-conceited triumph over the follies and deficiencies of others. I like it because it is subtle rather than broad; because its sketches are lifelike and not made ridiculous in order to be funny—the same difference that there is between high-class comedy and cheap burlesque in the theatre; and I think the nearer GOBLIN approaches "Punch" in substance and style, the more popular will it become, because it will then make a better appeal to the average Canadian mentality than the "College Humor" (sic) brand of humour that it now dispenses.

Yours truly,
H. J. PARKE

"Eggs and Roses"

105 Lock Street,
Peterboro, Oct. 3, 1927

Editor,
GOBLIN Magazine,
Toronto.

Dear Sir:

Isn't it true that anything worth while in the world always gets both its "eggs and roses?" But so long as your magazine keeps up its present pace, you may be quite sure that the people who knock it have also read it (which is really what counts). If it doesn't agree with their type of fun, they tell you, with odious and inconsistent comparisons. Like the man who said your jokes were so inferior to those in MacLean's Magazine. To prove it, I read over my late copies of the two magazines, and to my surprise I found each to contain at least one of the same jokes. That was another joke for me, out of which I got my little laugh. Then someone wants non-college jokes—when he can get the old reliable kind he wants in the newspapers, almanacs or any of the standard sources. Just keep on with your own special brand, please. They are more than all right. We take both *Life* and *Liberty* and find that the GOBLIN is just as welcome in our home as either of them, that its jokes are just as clever and clean and as funny. Others

have found this too, as you already know by the many "roses" you have received.

We certainly enjoy GOBLIN. It never fails to provide the kick we always expect in its jokes, its stories and its contests.

I happen to be one of your disappointed contestants of last spring, and I am glad that though I failed in winning the tie-breaker I could still be a good loser, and do not knock the magazine because I failed.

To prove my faith in you and in GOBLIN, I wish again to enter your interesting contest announced in the October number, and will be glad if you will send me some extra copies of the puzzle for myself and family. I look forward with great zest to working out the correct number of figures, and am hoping for better luck this time.

With best wishes for the continued success of GOBLIN, each copy of which is worth far more to me than I pay for it, I am

Yours very truly,

MARION P. WAGAR.

A Ride for Sweetheart

Jacob J. A. Friesen,
Box 244, Rosthern, Sask.

GOBLINS LIMITED,
Toronto, Ontario.

Gentlemen:—In your first contest I had the honour to participate in the tie-breaking contest. I did not get a prize because evidently the tie-breaking contest was not fair. It was not a test of skill and accuracy; but as some gentlemen said, not solvable at all, but only a guess game depending upon the sense of humour of the contestants.

As I had the number correct, however, I believe I am entitled to one year's free subscription to the GOBLIN. Since I have not received my three dollars back I presume GOBLIN will be sent to me for two years. If not, I am sure I have a right to your Free Speech column, so here I am, Master GOBLIN.

Though I did not get a prize, I am not prejudiced against the magazine. No one is perfect. If the magazine is good enough before a contest it is good enough after it, even to the disappointed contestants.

I intend to enter this next contest and should I lose I will still enjoy a good joke all the more. It is not possible that you please all people; some jokes do not please me; but I still laugh at the others and if there is one joke in the magazine to make me laugh I consider it worth the money I paid for it. Should it ever happen that there is nothing in the magazine to make me smile—why, then the whole magazine is "a joke," and I will still laugh at the GOBLIN's sense of humour. What is a goblin? The word goblin itself always makes me smile as I recall the stories and pictures of them as I saw them when I was young.

This next contest in the event of a tie, will be fair, for it is not a guessing problem, but requires accuracy in addition and subtraction.

I consider of course the Packard is mine. You may as well forward it to me now so's I can take my sweetheart for a ride. I have no car now. Believe me I'll be accurate and if the GOBLIN is fair as no doubt it will be, I think it's no use for you others to try for first prize; better try second.

I personally find much amusement and even educational value in the Free Speech column. Very likely the GOBLIN does too.

The letter of August the 8th signed by



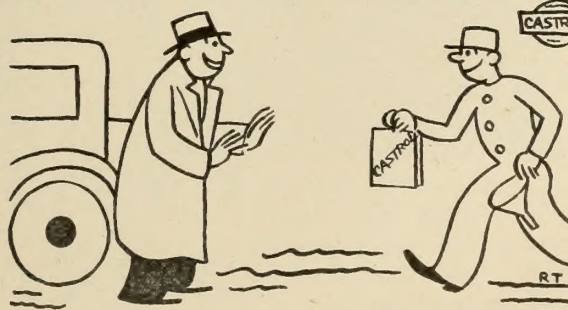
A Right About Face

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Mr. Gordon H. Bailey contained to my mind very good criticism and I endorse all his letter contained.

Yours truly,

JACOB J. E. FRIESEN.

* * *

"A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Mike Stanna, of Pierce Street. This is their child."

—From Newark (Ohio) Advocate.

* * *

**WOMAN ARRESTED FOR
KEEPING STILL**

"Winton (Mo.) Advocate—(head line)—

Crime in the conventionalized south.

An Historic Occasion

"New Kensington (Pa.) Dispatch.—President Harding enjoyed golf, but was always conscious of the wearing effects of his office and commented on it frequently. One time at a meeting of the correspondents he was looking rather drawn, and criticizing the repeated mention of his golf, placed his clenched fist against his chest and said with feeling: TS: I Cr PQ, osdkM., r. raikDNTRH."

—American Paper.



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Thoughtful

Attorney: "Did you, or did you not, strangle this man to death?"

Defendant: "I did not, yer honour. In the fight he cut himself on the chin and we wrapped a tourniquet around his throat to keep him from bleeding to death."

—Whirlwind.

* * *

He: "Dearest, will you marry me?"

She: "I can't. But I'll remember your good taste."

—La Vie Parisienne.

* * *

"Want to hear a hair-raising story?"

"Yeah."

"Once upon a time there were two rabbits that gave their undivided attention to multiplying."

—Froth.

Not a Chance

"If Caesar were alive to-day, what would he do?"

"Nothing, Mussolini would have him in jail."

—Cracker.

* * *

A stranger was being shown through the house of the Boston Chapter.

"And is this the lodge room?" he asked.

"Well," was the reply, "it is rather lodge; but the living room is much lodger."

—Royal Gaboon.

* * *

Our idea of preparation is the boy who took four years of journalism and then opened a news stand.

—Iowa State Green Gander.

* * *

Thoroughly low comedian: "Ullo, cutie! Whose radiator cap did you drop off of?"

—Lampoon.

The Night We Rode the Horse

(Continued from page 15)

her some milk anyway. So we put all the bottles out of the waggon on the front verandah and down the front walk. Harry said that looks nice, her mother will like that because she keeps a cat.

I said now what about the bath? Harry said we'll have a bath all right.

There was a church on the corner so we drove the horse up to the steps and tied it to the railing. Harry said it'll be fine there, it's a good religious horse.

Then we walked along and came to a garage and got a taxi out. We want a bath Harry said to the man. The man looked at us and said all right and drove along for a while and stopped at a house with a lot of blue lights out in front. Harry said it says Turkish bath and that's all right because I'm a sultan. I said so am I. Harry said no, you're only a cowboy. I'm an Arab I said an arab rider of the desert. All right Harry said.

Three dollars the taxi man said. All right Harry said.

So we had a nice long bath and that is one of the reasons I like Harry.

* * *

Tragedy

"What's become of the tattooed beauty?"

"She had her face lifted and it threw all her pictures out of focus."

—Vassar Vagabond.

* * *

Lady: "I should think you would be ashamed to beg in this neighbourhood."

Tramp: "Don't apologize for it, ma'am. I've seen worse."

—Answers.

* * *

Big Hen (boastfully): "I get 30 cents a dozen for my eggs. How much do you get for yours?"

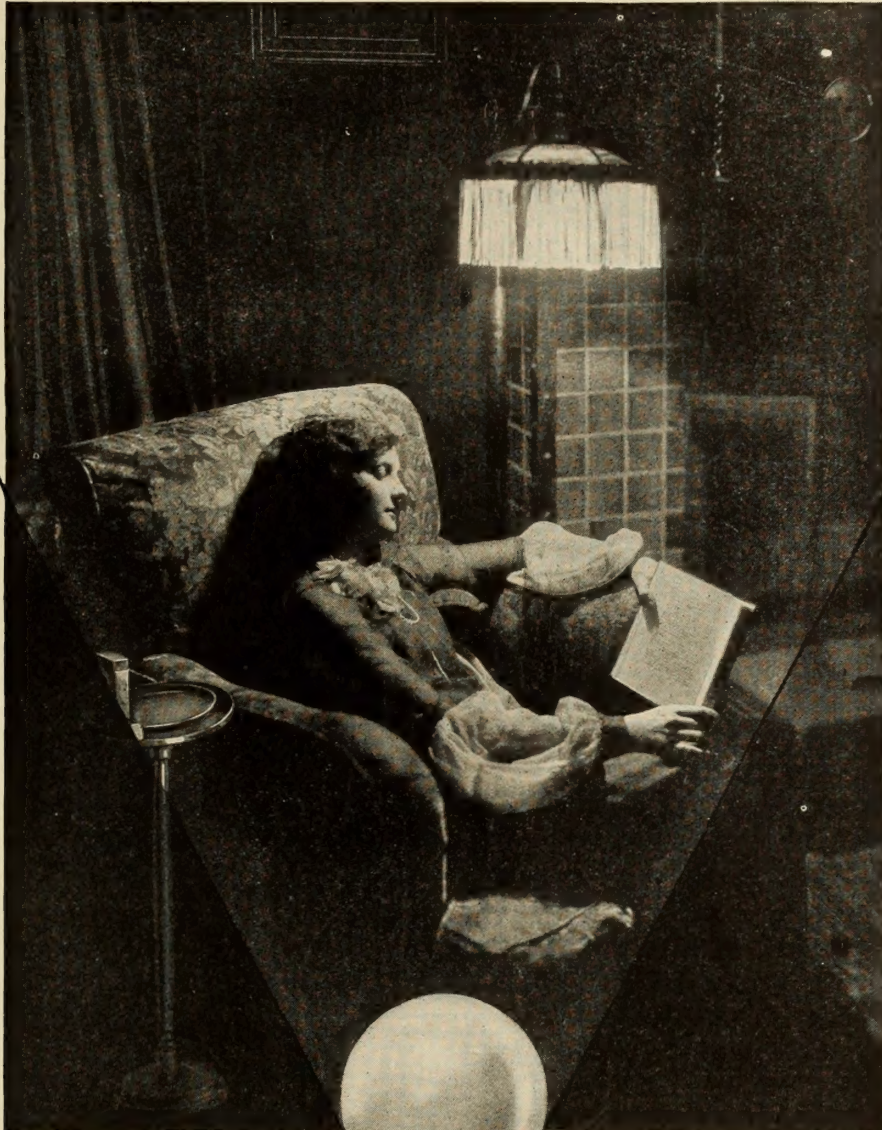
Small Hen (meekly): "I only get 25 cents a dozen."

Large Hen (scornfully): "Why don't you lay big eggs and get 30 cents a dozen, too?"

Small Hen (proudly): "Huh! I should exert myself for a nickel."

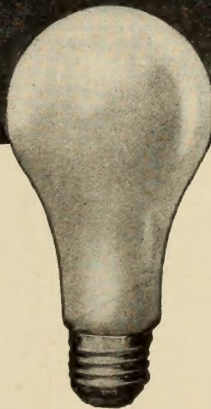
—Log.

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